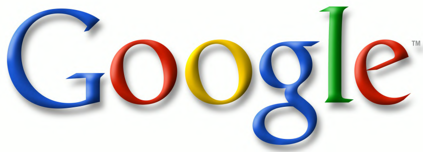

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Rome: The Rome of the popes and the Rome of the artists

Walter Taylor Field

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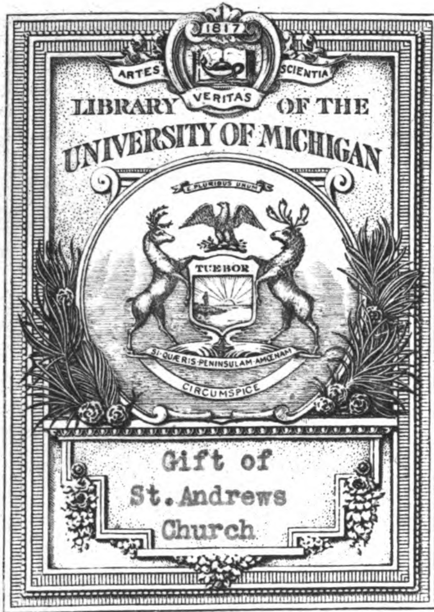

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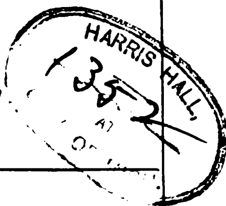
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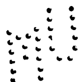

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Rome

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF PAPAL ROME

NEARLY nineteen centuries ago, when Nero was holding high revel in his Golden House, and Rome had already yielded herself up to the vices which finally brought about her ruin, two strangers from Syria, one a Galilean fisherman, the other a Jew of Tarsus, began to stir up the Roman people with thoughts of a new and strange religion. Paul, the Jew of Tarsus, had been tried for sedition before Festus, procurator of Judea, but being a Roman citizen and having the right of appeal, he demanded to be brought before the emperor, and was conducted to Rome, a prisoner. For two years he lived

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in a hired house, chained to a Roman soldier, but was allowed to preach to those who came to him. At length he was discharged by Nero in one of those moments of good humour which occasionally overtook the fickle emperor when he was particularly pleased with himself and when matters had gone well with him. This was before the great fire. How Peter, the fisherman, came, no one seems to know, but these two men, together, Peter and Paul, gathered little knots of people in the house of Pudens at the foot of the Esquiline and in the house of Aquila, a Jewish tentmaker on the Aventine, and told them of the new religion.

They told of a God greater than the pagan deities, and of Jesus of Nazareth, his son, who became flesh and died upon earth to make men free. To the Roman people, suffering under the will of a cruel and half-insane despot, this thought of freedom came like the breath of heaven. They flocked to hear, and they believed. But persecution followed. Their two leaders were ignominiously put to death. Christian blood flowed in Nero's Circus, and Christian bodies were burned in Nero's Gar-

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den, but Christian souls were still unconquered. The converts met by night in the sand-pits of the Via Nomentana, in the cemeteries of the Via Appia, — wherever they could find seclusion and temporary safety. And when Peter, their first leader or bishop, *episcopus,* was put to death, Linus, Pudens's brother-in-law, took his place, and the Church continued to increase in number and in courage.

Two and a half centuries passed, with emperors good and bad, — but for the most part bad, — and alternating periods of tolerance and persecution, until finally Constantine, while performing certain of his pagan rites, saw the cross of Christ above the setting sun, inscribed it on his banner with the motto, "In hoc signo vinces," and defeated Maxentius at the Milvian bridge. This led to the Edict of Milan, in 313 A. D., and a little later Christianity, under Constantine's patronage, became in fact the religion of the Roman state. The Lateran Palace was given to the bishop for his residence, and the Lateran Church of St. John became the "mother and head of all the churches of the city, and of the world." That was a significant phrase, for though the Roman

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Church did not become, in fact, the head until years afterward, it showed the direction which ecclesiastical history was taking. The period of persecution was past, and the Church began to think less of her spiritual life and more of her authority.

The second period of the Church's history centres about the Lateran Palace, and marks the rise, the degradation, the resurrection, and finally the climax in her struggle for temporal power. With Christianity fairly established in Rome, Constantine at once builds his new capital on the Bosphorus and goes thither, leaving the city of the Cæsars nominally in charge of his civil representative, but really under the dominion of the Roman bishop. Nor does the Church's power end with Rome. Gradually it extends its authority throughout the empire, and Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, is able to say to the Emperor Theodosius that he shall do public penance for his massacre at Thessalonica, before he may enter Milan cathedral. And Theodosius does public penance.

The Western Empire is nearing its end, and the German barbarians sweep down from be-

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yond the Alps, driving before them the feeble remnant of civil authority that remains in Rome. But the bishop does not flee. He receives his suppliants in the Lateran Palace, and performs the mass in the Lateran basilica, — and among his suppliants and his worshippers are now to be found red-bearded Northmen. He has conquered the conquerors by converting them. We see at the beginning of this period Leo, Bishop of Rome, going outside the gates to meet the victorious Attila, — asking him to turn back and spare the city. This is one of the remarkable scenes of history. A savage conqueror, unknown to pity, seeing rich spoil within his grasp, and his followers hungry for it, stands awed before the simple priest, and, turning about, marches his men away. It is the first great triumph of the Church, but not the last.

The next important figure that we see is Gregory the First, a pious monk, consumed with missionary zeal, strengthening the fabric reared so well by Leo and his successors. He it is who, one day seeing the Angle slave boys in the Forum, says, "Call them not Angles, but angels, — they are beautiful as angels,"

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and sends to their kindred, among the forests and moors of their far island home, forty monks, under the good Augustine, to plant the church in England.

It is in 590, the year of the great plague, that he becomes Pope, — for we may now use the title which gradually superseded that of bishop, though at this period every bishop is a pope if he wishes, and it is not until the time of Gregory the Seventh that the Church acknowledges one Pope, alone, — and he the Bishop of Rome. It is 590: the Western Empire has gone out with the little Romulus Augustulus, and the Eastern emperors are holding merely a nominal suzerainty over the city. The plague is raging. Hundreds are dying daily, and those who have life left in them to flee are fleeing to the hills and to the open country. Gregory thinks only of his duty, and, entering the fever-smitten city, encourages the fainting and the fearful, marches through the streets with his retinue in solemn procession, and, carried away by the fervour of his prayers for the healing of his people, fancies he sees an angel on the summit of Hadrian's mausoleum sheathing a bloody

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sword. A celestial choir, hovering above and around him, chants, meanwhile, the vesper anthem: "*Regina cœli, lætare — quia quem meruisti portare — resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia.*" And the Pope replies, "*Ora pro nobis, Deum, Alleluia.*" Whether in response to Gregory's prayer, no one can tell, but the plague is stayed, and the people praise God and say their Pope has wrought a miracle. Compare this scene with one four centuries earlier, when, during that other fearful plague which ravaged Rome, the Emperor Commodus fled panic-stricken to Laurentum, leaving his people to die like cattle, and taking with him the famous physician, Galen, to guard his worthless life, in case symptoms of the dread disease should appear.

All this time the Church is gaining power and influence. Pippin the Short, in 752, asks Pope Stephen whether he may seize the crown of the Franks. The Pope says yes, and with his blessing Pippin becomes the first of the Carolingian kings. St. Boniface anoints him and gives him authority "by the grace of God." To disobey him, now, becomes not merely a political offence, but a sin as well.

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While Pippin in the north is thus acknowledging the power of the Pope, the Lombards in Italy are not so tractable. They cast their thievish eyes toward Rome, and, drawn thither by the hope of spoil, they at length determine to attack the city. Pope Stephen sends for Pippin, in a letter which, even after these centuries, is hot with the threats which it contains. "If," says he, "you allow the city of the Prince of the Apostles to be torn by the Lombards, your own soul will be torn in hell by the devil and his pestilential angels." This is too strong for Pippin to resist. He not only saves Rome for Pope Stephen, but he destroys the Lombard power and gives to the Pope the Lombard lands, laying the foundation of the "States of the Church," which remain under the civil government of the popes until 1870.

The letter of Pope Stephen is particularly interesting as an illustration of the style of argument used by the Church during the Middle Ages, and it was this that gave her such power over the semi-barbarous people of those times. The papacy represented no longer a religion of humility, but of arrogance and intimidation.

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The next important scene in Roman history occurs in St. Peter's, on that Christmas Day in the year 800, when Charlemagne is crowned by Pope Leo the Third. We can see the tall, broad-shouldered, keen-eyed soldier, kneeling before the high altar, with the winter sunshine falling through the high side windows of the old basilica — touching his long, flowing hair, and flashing upon the hilt of the great sword which has won him his victories. Leo, the Pope, advances, followed by a procession of white-robed priests. In his hands he holds an imperial crown which he places upon the head of the kneeling Charlemagne, with the salutation, "Hail, Emperor of the Romans." And a great shout goes up from the crowd in the church and outside the doors, "Long live the Emperor of the Romans." Rome has at length cast off her last show of vassalage to the Eastern Empire, now in the hands of the beautiful but detestable Irene, and has established a new Western Roman Empire with a line of Germans in the seat of the Cæsars, — ruling her from beyond the Alps.

But the new Western Empire does not continue long. It needs a strong hand to hold

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it together, and Charlemagne's successors are not strong. So it crumbles to pieces, and the dukes and barons rise into power. In the ninth century Rome is ruled by the infamous Theodora, who calls herself Senatrix, and by her unspeakable daughter, Marozia. A century later, Crescenzio, a descendant of Theodora, appears, — the first of the great Roman barons who make the bloody history of the Middle Ages. Crescenzio dreams of restoring Rome to the suzerainty of the Eastern Empire and of becoming himself Exarch of Italy. But Benedict, the Pope, is loyal to his German emperor, so Crescenzio has him strangled in the Castle of St. Angelo and sets up another Pope — or antipope — in his stead. Crescenzio's Pope finds life in Rome under his new master too strenuous, and runs away to Constantinople, taking with him all that he can carry of treasure and sacred relics. More than a decade of bloodshed follows. Crescenzio assumes absolute control. He will have no Pope at all, — so he drives from the Lateran Pope John the Fifteenth, and lords it over Rome most royally. But Pope John appeals to the German emperor and Crescenzio

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is awed for a time, — though it is only for a time. Soon he is again plotting with the government of the East. Pope John is dead and the German Emperor Otto has set up a new Pope in his stead. Crescenzio drives out the new Pope, — the third Pope he has driven out of Rome, — and sets up another antipope. Otto comes in hot haste, bringing his Pope with him, and besieges Crescenzio in the Castle of St. Angelo. It is a long and hard fought fight, but the German wins at last, the scaling-ladders hold against the steep sides of the fortress, and the heads of Crescenzio and the other nobles who have conspired with him, fixed upon pikes, stare from the ramparts at the Roman populace, who shout "Long live the Emperor," and are glad that the frightful dream is over.

This is a picture of the life of Rome for seven centuries. The nobles war against the popes and the popes against the emperors, and the emperors against both. The Church has lost its religious character, except at rare intervals, and maintains its supremacy as best it can, by frightening its enemies with the threat of eternal punishment. But even this is a less

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fearful thing, to desperate men, than it seemed to be in the earlier centuries.

The papacy is reaching its lowest depths. The Count of Tusculum is able to establish as Pope, with the title of Benedict the Ninth, a boy of ten years, — a kinsman, — and to keep him in his priestly office ten years longer while he develops all manner of precocious wickedness, finally proposing to set up a wife in the palace of the Lateran. This seems to the churchmen of his day a more serious matter than all his other youthful indiscretions, and makes him so unpopular that he is glad to dispose of the office for a good round sum to Gregory the Sixth, his successor. But when he has made the bargain, he repents and decides to continue a little longer.

Another claimant arises. There are now three rival popes, and the Church has fallen to the lowest point in its degradation, but out of the chaos appears the great figure of Hildebrand, the monk of Soano. For a quarter of a century before he assumes the papal office he practically dictates the papal policy, and when in 1073 he sits in the chair of St. Peter as Gregory the Seventh, it is to reëstablish

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more firmly than ever before the temporal power of the Church and to cleanse it of its vileness. Hildebrand is one of the great characters of history, — an astute statesman, a bold reformer, an untiring enthusiast, — although we may not agree with his theories of the function and mission of the Church in the world, we must admire his devotion and honesty of purpose, in an age when honesty was a rare thing even in a churchman.

Then comes the great struggle between the Church and the Empire, — between Gregory and Henry the Fourth. Henry will not brook the dictates of Gregory, and Gregory will not suffer the interference of Henry, — so finally the Emperor deposes the Pope and the Pope excommunicates the Emperor. Henry drives Gregory to exile and death, but he cannot overcome the forces which Gregory has set in motion against him, and finally abdicating his throne, he, too, dies, — friendless and dishonoured, with the curse of the Church still resting upon him.

It is during these troublous days that Gregory calls Robert Guiscard, Duke of Apulia, with his Normans and Saracens, — six thou-

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sand horse and thirty thousand foot, — to protect Rome against Henry; and Robert protects Rome by driving Henry out, then battering down and burning everything that he can destroy between the Castle of St. Angelo and the Lateran, leaving in his wake smoking ruins and unburied dead.

Then follows the fruitless contest of another German emperor, the famous Frederick Barbarossa, to make his imperial lordship over Italy something more than an empty name. And while he is fighting against the Roman nobles, Arnold of Brescia, a pure but visionary Lombard priest, dreams that Rome may again be free. Having the people with him, Arnold establishes for a time a Senate, which Frederick and Pope Adrian together put down, — burning Arnold at the stake and throwing his ashes into the Tiber.

Under Innocent the Third the papacy reaches the height of its power. Innocent manipulates and controls the politics of Europe, and in 1215 calls together in the Lateran that celebrated council which sets the seal of its approval upon his statesmanlike achievements.

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More than two thousand prelates gather there from all parts of the known world.

The struggle between popes and emperors continues, but now it is with Frederick the Second instead of Barbarossa. The papacy still holds its own, and after Frederick's death the German emperors are again driven out of Italy. The "Jubilee" of the year 1300 brings two million pilgrims to Rome to worship at the shrines of the Church and to bring their offerings to the Pope. A chronicler of the time tells us that at St. Peter's tomb two priests are kept busy many days with rakes, collecting the offerings which are laid there. But this is the last great triumph of the papacy. Within three years Boniface the Eighth, then reigning Pope, insulted by the messengers of Philip the Fair of France in the castle at Agnani, and driven back to Rome, dies of grief and shame. The papal curse has lost its terrors, and the papal power is no longer supreme.

The Church now enters upon the third period of its history, — a period of decline, — and the papacy becomes again a plaything of the Northern emperors. Philip the Fair names

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a French Pope, and removes the Papal See to Avignon, where it remains for seventy years. During these terrible days, when Rome is deserted by popes and emperors alike, and harried by warring nobles, — when every ruin is a barricade and every tower a fortress, — when blood flows in the streets and the husband who leaves his wife and children for a peaceful errand in the morning is more than likely to be brought home at night with a knife stab under his heart, inflicted by some secret enemy, — during all this wild nightmare of terror and uncertainty, is born Rienzi. He is a scholar, as scholarship is judged in these wild times, and has filled his mind with tales of the greatness of Rome's past. Like Arnold of Brescia, he dreams of a Rome that shall be free, and, burning to redress the wrongs of the people, he rouses them to revolt. Miss Mitford's lines, which are supposed to represent his appeal to the populace, are known to every schoolboy:

"Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? — look
To see them live torn from your arms — distained,
Dishonoured; and if ye dare to call for justice
Be answered with the lash. Yet this is Rome

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> That from her seven hills of beauty ruled
> The world, — and we are Romans."

The appeal is heard. The people shout as they are always so ready to do, and proclaim Rienzi their tribune; the nobles are driven out and for seven months he rules, — justly in the main, but not altogether wisely. Then the people tire of him and he, too, is made an outcast, until, reinforced by letters from the Pope at Avignon, he comes back, is reinvested with his office, rules two months longer, and is slain on the steps of Ara Cœli by the people whom he wished to serve.

In 1377 the Papal See is brought back to Rome and established in the Vatican, partly because the Lateran has fallen into decay, but mainly because the Vatican is near the Castle of St. Angelo, — and the Popes need protection now. The Renaissance has begun in Italy, with Dante and Petrarch and Giotto and Fra Angelico, but it is long before the awakening in art and letters makes much difference in the character of the people. Rome is still torn by feuds and terrified by midnight brawls and visions of swift death. The Colonna and the Orsini still wage their old warfare; blood

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flows, but there is less of open fighting than before and more of secret crime. Hired assassins do their deadly work. It is the age of poison and the stiletto, and murder has become a fine art.

Alexander the Sixth is now Pope, — the father of the illegitimate Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia, — and the vilest hypocrite who ever used the priestly office for private ends. The story of his death in 1503 is well-known. He and his evil son are to dine with the wealthy Cardinal of Corneto, whom Cæsar Borgia has planned to poison. Though both father and son are experts in this gentle art, something seems to have gone wrong on the present occasion. Alexander the Pope drinks from the wrong decanter, and dies the next day in frightful agony, while Cæsar himself takes enough to make him ill, but is able to get out of the city before justice can overtake him.

The Renaissance has come, but it has much to conquer. When Brunelleschi and Donatello visit Rome to study the old monuments, they dig away a little earth in the Forum to expose some of the buried columns which they wish to measure, — but the people — so Vasari says

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— look upon them with suspicion and call them treasure-seekers. That any other motive could lead men to delve among the ancient ruins is wholly inconceivable to those fallen Romans. Yet the dawn is breaking and the long night is almost gone. Little by little, men are seeing that there is something in life beside the mere struggle for existence. Petrarch sits with Giovanni Colonna amid the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, and their talk runs — so he tells us — "not of business or political affairs, but of the history which these monuments suggest." This is the modern spirit as distinguished from the mediæval.

Julius the Second, rough and warlike yet a lover of the new art, becomes Pope, following Alexander the poisoner, and soon calls Raphael and Michelangelo to Rome to decorate the Vatican. Luther, a German monk, also visits Rome, and his eyes are opened to some things that ten years later make him the leader of the Protestant revolt. Germany recognizes the equality of the new Lutheran church, Henry the Eighth dissolves the monasteries in England, Calvin establishes Presbyterianism in Geneva, and the Church of Rome

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is forsaken by the most progressive and thoughtful of her children. This reformation reacts upon the Church, herself. Reforms are instituted. Ignatius Loyola, the Spanish soldier, becomes a pilgrim and organizes the Jesuit order, founded upon purity, poverty, and obedience. The Council of Trent demands that the lives of the clergy shall be free from offence.

In the midst of this awakening occurs the last great sack of Rome,— the final outbreak of mediævalism. It is in 1527. Pope Clement the Seventh has formed, with the Republics of Venice and Florence, the Duke of Milan and the King of France, the "Holy League," the object of which is to seize Naples and protect Italy against the aggression of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Another Charles, a petty duke, called the Constable of Bourbon, always looking for adventure, raises an army of cutthroats in Lombardy and descends upon the Roman city, ostensibly to assist the Emperor, but really to get what spoil he may. The attack is sharp and effective. Charles, the Constable, is killed by a bullet while scaling the walls, — Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor,

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claims to have fired the fatal shot, — but his hired desperadoes enter and make themselves at home. The days of Genseric the Vandal and of Robert Guiscard are repeated with new horrors. Six million ducats in gold and treasure are carried away, the city is swept again with fire, bathed in blood, and left once more in ashes. In this terrible encounter, the Colonna and Orsini appear again on opposite sides, the Colonna, as usual, of the Ghibelline party, fighting for the Emperor; the Orsini, with the Guelphs, fighting for the Pope. The Pope offers an enormous ransom and is allowed to escape, disguised as a market-gardener, to save him from the violence of the soldiery, — for no one can control those violent buccaneers when they have tasted blood.

A new Rome slowly emerges from the ruins, built for the most part under Sixtus the Fifth, and continuing with little change until the last century. Nor does anything more of importance occur in Roman history for more than two hundred years, until Napoleon invades Italy in 1797, and carries off her rarest art treasures to adorn the Louvre.

Four years later, Pope Pius the Seventh is

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summoned to Paris to assist in the coronation of the young Corsican soldier as Emperor of the French, and when the Pope has girded him with the sword of Charlemagne and crowned him, — or rather has held the crown with which he crowns himself, for he will not let the Pope put it upon his head, — when this is done and the Pope has gone back to Rome and five years more have .passed, Napoleon takes the Pope's secular domains away from him and leaves him nothing to do but to care for souls. It is a long time since a Pope has had only that to do. But the Pope retorts by excommunicating the Emperor and the Emperor arrests the Pope, holding him a prisoner for three years. Moreover, Napoleon takes the College of Cardinals to Paris, assigns the offices of the Church to suit himself, and seizes the precious collections of the Vatican, — hundreds of wagon-loads of rare old documents and books from the Vatican Library, — rare paintings and statues from the Vatican Museum — or from any other source obtainable, for that matter. It is another sack of Rome, carried on without fire or bloodshed, yet none the less effectively.

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But the Church is not to yield up her temporal possessions finally until another sixty years has passed. Napoleon is soon an exile on St. Helena, and the struggle for a united Italy begins, — a familiarity with the details of which is quite essential if one would understand the Rome of to-day.

After Napoleon's fall, Austria seizes that part of Italy covered by Lombardy and Venetia, and exercises for a time a sort of lordship over the entire peninsula. But liberty and revolution are abroad, and the people are growing restive under foreign dictation. The figure of Mazzini appears, — the prophet of United Italy. He dreams of a great republic that shall spread among the nations the doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Nor does he stop with dreaming. He organizes "Young Italy," — a secret society of patriotic youths, banded together to win freedom or death, — and to many of them it becomes death. He issues pamphlets, preaches the doctrines that mean so much to him and to the people, and inspires the men — particularly the young men — of the nation with an enthusiasm which is almost religious.

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And side by side with Mazzini, we see the picturesque Garibaldi, looming large through those troublous revolutionary days, a rough soldier, careless in his dress and manners, — nicknamed the "Knight of the Red Shirt," — but a pure, unselfish patriot and a true nobleman such as God sometimes raises up from among the people when there is great work to be done.

But Italy cannot agree upon the means, — though all are united enough in the determination to do *something*. There are three revolutionary parties, one wishing for a constitutional monarchy under the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert; another preferring a federation of states under the leadership of the Pope; and a third, headed by Mazzini and Garibaldi, demanding nothing short of a republic. The King of Sardinia takes the initiative in 1848 by attacking the hated Austrians, and at first is successful, but superior numbers and generalship crush him, a year later, and he flees to Portugal, where he dies, broken-hearted. While this fight is going on in Lombardy, the Romans, roused by Mazzini and Garibaldi, rise in revolt, drive out their Pope, Pius the Ninth, and pro-

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claim a republic, — but their time has not yet come, and while the Austrian troops in the north of Italy are crushing out the Sardinians, French troops in Rome, anxious also to have a hand in the affair, put down the Roman uprising and restore the Pope. Garibaldi is exiled a second time and becomes a candlemaker in New York.

Ten years pass by. The spirit of Italian liberty is not dead, but only strengthening itself for the final struggle. The three parties are united now, having agreed upon a constitutional monarchy, and the fight is on. Out of the smoke and confusion of those last days of 1859—60 stand out three commanding personalities, Victor Emmanuel, the young King of Sardinia (son of the ill-starred Charles Albert), Count Cavour, his able minister, called the Bismarck of Italy, and the irrepressible Garibaldi, who has returned to lead the people to final victory. Cavour has shrewdly played upon the rivalry between France and Austria, and has gained the friendship of France by sending to Napoleon the Third a force of fifteen thousand men to aid him against Russia in the Crimean war. He ex-

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pects, in return, the help of France, now that the time to throw off the Austrian yoke has come, — and he is not disappointed. Volunteers from all Italy begin to flock to the standard of the Sardinian king. France sends her promised armies and at Magenta and Solferino the Austrians are driven out of Lombardy, — but not out of Venetia. Here the Frenchman stops, — afraid of the growing power of the movement which he is assisting, and fearing he may have at length a stronger rival south of the Alps than he has in Austria. He receives from Sardinia, as his pay, the provinces of Nice and Savoy, and goes home, anxious, but on the whole well pleased.

But the liberation of Venetia is only postponed. The movement grows. Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna rise in their wrath, cast out their dukes, and come to Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi suddenly appears in Sicily with a thousand volunteers, drives out the troops of the Neapolitan king, follows them to Naples, cheered as he goes with the huzzas of the people, and — what is more to the point — with the help of every patriotic peasant and burgher who can bear a musket. Naples and

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Sicily become a part of the new kingdom. Six years later, with the aid of Prussia, Venetia is finally taken from Austria, and in 1870, when Napoleon the Third has lost his empire, and the Pope his protector, the States of the Church are seized without a blow. Rome is entered by an Italian army; the Roman people vote almost unanimously to cast their lot with the Italian nation, and Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy, enters the Quirinal Palace of the Pope, making it his own. The temporal power of the Church is at an end.

Pope Pius is offered a yearly allowance amounting to more than six million dollars and absolute sovereignty over the ground occupied by the palaces of the Vatican, the Lateran, and the papal villa at Castel Gondolfo, which is still regarded as foreign territory by the Italian government. But the Church will not recognize the action of the government, which it calls high-handed robbery, and will not accept the annuity, which it considers the price of its shame. Two popes have followed Pius, — the wise and saintly but determined Leo the Thirteenth, and his more liberal successor, Pius the Tenth, — but both have

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maintained the attitude assumed at that time. The Pope still holds court in the Vatican, his territory reduced to about fifty acres, his army to a score of yellow-liveried Swiss guards,— but no emissary of the king may cross his threshold without invitation. He will not leave his domains, for he regards himself a prisoner. But if his temporal power has faded to a mere shadow, he may at least content himself with the assurance that his spiritual power is still vital over millions of Christian worshippers, and that a large part of them respect and love him more as the head of the spiritual Church than they ever did as the ruler of a few Italian states and the dictator of the politics of Europe.

The king, over upon the Quirinal, has his troubles too. The treasury is exhausted, the national debt is growing to enormous proportions, the people must be taxed, — too heavily taxed for them to bear, — and there is dissatisfaction. The poor are leaving the country in great numbers, — the rich are discontented, too. What it may end in, no one can see, and it is vain to prophesy. But though the vision that has come to modern Italy, — of Rome as

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a great European capital, — another Paris, — is happily unfulfilled, Rome is more than any modern capital can ever be. Bourse and Bazaar and Bon Marché are not for her. She is the Capital of Dreams, and her sway is over every heart that knows her history and traditions, — a sway wider than she ever held in the days of the Cæsars.

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CHAPTER II.

THE EARLIER CHURCHES

THIS morning we shall lay aside the plaid tourist's suit, ordered in an evil moment from a London tailor, and, assuming a more decent garb, join the crowd of pilgrims which assemble here from all quarters of the globe to do homage at the shrines of the Church. This opens to us a new city, Ecclesiastical Rome, entirely distinct from Classical Rome, and having its own particular phase of interest, yet a strong and vital interest, — for never in the days of the empire was the influence of Rome more potent as the civil head of the world than it was during the Middle Ages and well into modern times as the head of a world-embracing ecclesiastical system. The authority was transferred from emperors to popes, — from the Palatine to the Lateran, — but Rome was still supreme.

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We find Phœbus in the piazza, as usual, and ask him to take us to the Church of S. Pudenziana in the Piazza Tribune, built upon the site of the house of Pudens, where Peter and Paul were entertained, and where were probably held the first prayer-meetings of the little band of Roman converts. The church is a patchwork edifice built at various times from the second century to the present, and does not particularly interest us except from its location. But under an adjoining building we visit the remains of the house of that earliest of Roman Christians whom Paul mentions in his letter to Timothy, — "Eubulus greeteth thee, and *Pudens*, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren." Claudia was the wife of Pudens and the daughter of Caractacus, the British chief. She was also the sister of Linus, afterward Bishop of Rome, and of Cyllinus, an ancestor of Constantine. It is interesting to note that this royal family of Britons furnished the first Christian converts in Rome, the first Roman bishop, after Peter, and the first Christian emperor. It is also interesting to know that these crumbling walls may have echoed to Peter's voice,

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HARRIS HALL

and Paul's, as they taught the little company concerning "that new way." The house of Aquila and Priscilla has also been located and made the site of the Church of Santa Prisca, but, instead of taking time to visit it, we shall turn to the next scene in the Church's history, and visit the vaults and chambers of the Catacombs, where the early Christians found a refuge during the persecutions.

We leave the city at the Porta San Sebastiano, and follow the Appian Way until we reach an obscure chapel which leads down into the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, — perhaps the best preserved of the forty or more groups of mysterious underground cemeteries which honeycomb the Roman campagna.

The evolution of the Catacombs was gradual. The imperial government, while looking with suspicion upon societies or associations of any kind, made an exception in the case of funeral organizations, whose object was the burial and care of their dead. Accordingly, the early Christians were allowed to meet in this capacity and to have a chapel and crypt, which from time to time were extended by excavations in the soft tufa until they reached their present

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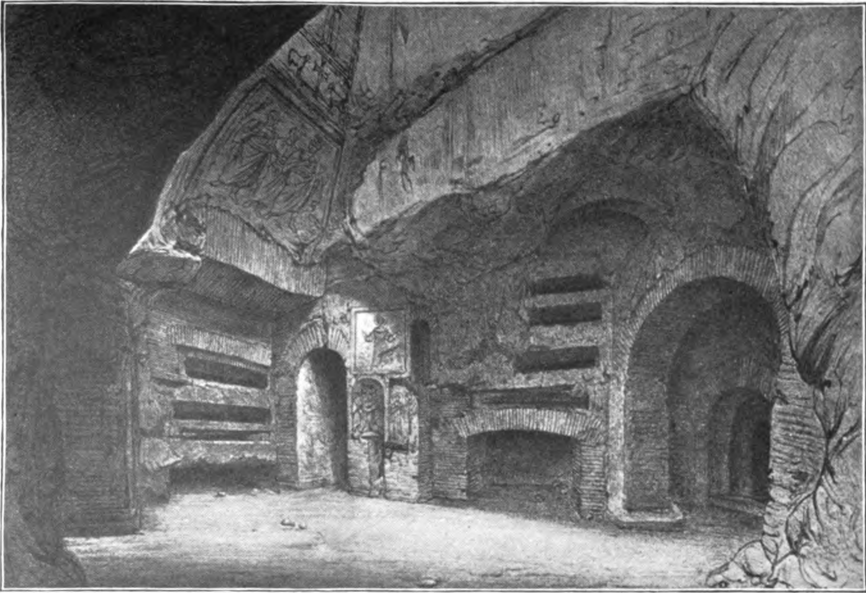

THE CHAPEL OF ST. CECILIA, CATACOMBS OF ST. CALIXTUS

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proportions. The chapel was built in the third century A. D. upon the site of the present structure. During the persecutions under Valerian, a band of worshippers were surprised here one night by imperial soldiers, the door was broken in, Sixtus, the bishop, and two faithful deacons were killed, and the building was burned to the ground. The present chapel was erected on the same foundations a century later under the reign of Constantine.

Descending into the earth by a flight of stairs just outside the chapel, we find ourselves in a narrow passage, with horizontal niches, one above another, cut on either side. Our guide, a very rotund monk, has presented each of us with an attenuated taper, whose glimmer adds a certain weird effect to the exploring party, and stimulates the imagination by opening up all sorts of possibilities in the darkness which shuts us in. You get a glimpse of a skull grinning dimly down at you from the gloom of a niche above. You do not know how many more may be behind it. You see a gallery at your right, yawning into untold depths of blackness, you do not know how far. You descend a flight of rudely cut stairs go-

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ing down into a gloom which seems to have no bottom, and when your guide tells you that the catacombs of Rome cover upwards of six hundred acres, and that the length of these subterranean ways, if placed in a continuous line, would probably amount to about 550 miles, you feel that perhaps he wishes to reassure you, and is making the figures smaller than they really are.

Here the passage widens into a chamber where several of the early bishops found their last resting-place. Again it narrows into a tomb-lined gallery. At one point, looking ahead, we see a glimmer of something like daylight, and soon find ourselves in another chamber, through the ceiling of which a shaft leads up to the world above, and admits a feeble, melancholy ray of sunshine. In this spot was buried St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, who is said to have possessed a beautiful voice as well as a noble character. Chaucer gives her story in one of his Canterbury Tales, and Dryden has immortalized her in his "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day." We are told that she converted a pagan husband and that she died for her faith. Her sepulchre seems to

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have been forgotten for several hundred years, but early in the ninth century Pope Paschal I. instituted a search for it. He declared that the saint appeared to him one night in a vision and led him to her resting-place. Here he afterward found the body and removed it to the church which bears her name. Some eight hundred years later her sarcophagus was again opened, and the sculptor Maderna made a recumbent statue representing the body in the position in which it was discovered, "not lying upon the back like a body in a tomb," the inscription informs us, "but upon its right side like a virgin in her bed, and offering the appearance of sleep." The statue, as well as the body, is still to be found in the Church of St. Cecilia, which is supposed to be upon the site of Cecilia's ancient dwelling-place, in Trastevere, not far from the Ponte Æmilio.

But Cecilia's was not the only body taken from the catacombs. The Goths, and afterward the Lombards, pillaged these vaults, while laying siege to the city, and took away with them to the north quantities of bones, imputing to them all sorts of miraculous virtues, attaching to them arbitrarily the names of

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well-known saints, and selling them at fabulous prices. Then, too, when the popes established new churches within the city, they came hither for material. At one time twenty-eight wagon-loads of bones from the catacombs were taken to the Pantheon; at another, twenty-three hundred skeletons were removed to St. Prassede. The catacombs have thus been rifled of their dead, and comparatively few of those who here found their resting-place have been left undisturbed.

Before leaving the Chapel of St. Cecilia, we must observe the rude wall-paintings which appear upon the sides of the light shaft just above. Here are the earliest examples of Christian painting, an art which reached its height in Raphael's altar-pieces, and which we shall follow when we have completed our pilgrimage among the churches (page 238).

Turning now once more into the gloom of the ever-yawning, endless corridors, we seek the upper world. Never does the sunshine seem brighter or the fresh breeze more grateful, as, expelling the dampness from our throats and the cobwebs from our brains, we strike across the vineyard amid the singing of the

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birds, and reaching the carriage, tell Phœbus to drive us back to the city.

We stop for a few moments at the Church of St. Sebastian, one of the "Seven Churches of Rome," visited by pilgrims and held worthy of special veneration. The secret of its sanctity is discovered when we are shown the footprints of Christ upon a piece of marble. The monk who has us in charge tells of the extraordinary holiness of this marble fragment and repeats the old legend, now popularized in modern fiction by Sienkiewicz, that St. Peter, fleeing from Rome, met the Saviour standing in the way, and asked him, "Master, whither goest thou?" (Domine, quo vadis?) To which the Lord replied, "I am going to be crucified again." Peter felt the rebuke, and, ashamed and confused, returned to the city to meet a martyr's death. On the stones of the Via Appia, where Christ stood during this interview, were found the miraculous footprints. The place where the miracle occurred is pointed out a little farther down the road, and is marked by the Chapel of Domine Quo Vadis, where you are shown another set of footprints, a copy of these at San Sebastiano.

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The legend impresses us, but we cannot refrain from asking whether, at that period, the Appian Way was paved with marble slabs. The question evidently grieves our guide, and his voluble tongue, which has been running on like a mountain brook, is suddenly stilled as he takes us in silence across the church and shows us a statue of St. Sebastian designed by Bernini, — a piece of sculpture, by the way, which gives a far more sane and touching picture of a martyr's death than the typical carved and painted St. Sebastians which we see at every turn of our journey, bristling with arrows, yet wearing that familiar, theatrical smile which is supposed to indicate cheerful submission. Under the church is another group of catacombs, which we are invited to inspect, but as they promise nothing very different from those of St. Calixtus, and as time is pressing, we take our farewell, leaving in the hand of the monk a coin which dispels his sadness.

Entering the city again, we decide to go somewhat out of our way to see the small, round Church of San Giovanni in Oleo, at the Latin Gate. It is only interesting from

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BERNINI. — ST. SEBASTIAN

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the story that is told you when you pay the presiding brother for showing you the place. It is said that St. John was seized at Ephesus and sent to Rome for trial during the reign of Domitian. The emperor decided that he was guilty of sedition, and ordered him to be thrown into a caldron of boiling oil at the Latin Gate. This command having been executed, St. John came out of the oil — as the legend tells us — "anointed, but not scorched," and Domitian, finding that the evangelist could not be killed, ordered him banished to Patmos. We do not recall ever having read this bit of history in the Acts of the Apostles, but the brother assures us it is true. We are daily learning.

This story makes us wish to follow the life of the other apostles at Rome, and we accordingly direct our way toward the Tullianum, or Mamertine Prison, where Saints Peter and Paul are said to have been confined before their execution. On our way is the Colosseum, which though seen a hundred times never loses anything of its majesty, — and we think again of the lives yielded up in its arena that this new Gospel of the Christ might be proclaimed.

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There is much religious fraud in Rome which we can treat only with contempt, but there are a few of these landmarks that are sacred to every Christian, of whatever creed.

Passing around the Forum, we disembark and enter the church which is built above the ancient dungeon. We have already noted it on account of its classical associations, as the place where Jugurtha and the Catilinian conspirators met death, but we are viewing it now as the prison of Peter and Paul.

We accompany a very untidy monk down a flight of stairs and find ourselves in an irregular cell, furnished with an altar and used as a chapel. A round opening is shown in the floor, through which prisoners were cast down into the still lower dungeon of the Tullianum. For the convenience of modern visitors who object to this means of ingress, a narrow staircase has been cut through another portion of the floor. We prefer the stairs, on the whole, although one sentimental member of the party, an American whom we picked up on the Via Appia, expresses a desire to go down as Jugurtha and Peter went down. Later, the same person shows symptoms of wanting to

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die of strangulation in order to experience the sensations which Catiline's companions felt.

Down in this lower cell Peter and Paul were chained to a pillar. We are shown the pillar. In this lower cell, also, Peter was assaulted by the jailer, and his face was beaten against the wall. Certain scoffers of our party ask for evidence to substantiate this story. The evidence is at hand. Our guide triumphantly shows us an indentation in the wall bearing some fancied resemblance to the profile of a human face, and tells us that St. Peter's features left their imprint there. Thus is skepticism rebuked and tradition justified.

As we emerge and find ourselves under the shadow of the Capitol, we take the opportunity to visit Ara Cœli. Ascending the hill by a flight of stairs and passing across the piazza of the Campidoglio, we enter the side door of this, one of the most ancient churches in Rome, erected certainly previous to the seventh century, and supposed to be upon the site of the old altar set up by Augustus to commemorate the Cumean Sibyl's prophecy concerning the coming of the Christ. This legend gives the church its name. The outside of the building is

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barnlike, but within are rich decorations of gilt and mosaic, a little dimmed by age, it is true, but still quite splendid. The fame of Ara Cœli is not principally due to its connection with the Altar of Augustus, but to the fact of its being the residence of the most sacred Bambino, made of wood from the Mount of Olives, painted by St. Luke, and possessed of marvellous curative powers, as hundreds of Roman citizens will testify. This testimony is also emphasized by votive offerings of silver hearts and representations of various portions of the human frame which are supposed to have been healed through the Bambino's ministrations. For instance, a simple peasant who has been cured of lameness hangs at the Bambino's shrine a leg of silver, or of gold, or of some baser stuff, according to his means. The altar is surrounded by such offerings, which, when we have smothered our artistic sensibilities, really appeal to us with a pathos quite their own.

But in serious illness one need not be carried to the Bambino. The proposition of Mahomet and the mountain is reversed, and the Bambino will come to the sick one, if the summons be

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THE INTERIOR OF ARA CŒLI

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only accompanied with a sufficient jingling of gold. The Bambino keeps a gorgeous carriage, and is accompanied on his rounds by two brothers who form a guard of honour and attend to the collections. It has been well said that the Bambino has a more lucrative practice than any other physician in Rome.

As we have now finished a good morning's work, we may return to the hotel for rest and luncheon, taking up our pilgrimage afresh at the Church of St. Peter in Chains (San Pietro in Vincoli), which stands on the Esquiline within the site of the ancient Baths of Titus and of Nero's Golden House. It is celebrated as the repository of the chains which bound St. Peter in prison, and which fell off his hands when the angel of the Lord appeared to him and told him to arise. There is a conflict of legends regarding the origin of this church, some claiming St. Peter himself as its founder, some Theodora, a distinguished Christian convert of the second century, and others with more of historical probability, the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III., who in the fifth century received one of the chains as a present from her mother, Eudoxia the elder,

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and built the church to receive it. The elder Eudoxia had received both chains from the Bishop of Jerusalem, and kept one in Constantinople, but later it, too, was brought to Rome and placed beside the first. The longer chain is about five feet in length, and ends in an iron collar which is said to have encircled St. Peter's neck. It will be noted that the account in the Acts of the Apostles says that the chains bound the *hands* of St. Peter, but a little discrepancy of that sort should not be allowed to interfere with the credibility of the story or the sancity of the relic.

Far more important than these apocryphal chains of St. Peter is the magnificent statue of Moses by Michelangelo, which stands near them in the church, and which has quite as many devotees. A figure of heroic mould, wrathful, hurling anathemas at the nation which has forsaken its God, there is in the Moses of Michelangelo no grace of line nor beauty of contour, but simple sternness and grandeur. We shall refer to this again in discussing the genius of the great sculptor who created it (page 221). It is peculiarly appropriate here as a decoration of the tomb of

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Julius II., a pope who possessed many of the characteristics which are exhibited in this figure of the Hebrew lawgiver.

Leaving San Pietro in Vincoli, Phœbus takes us again past the Colosseum and, turning into the Via San Giovanni, we soon reach the Church of St. Clement, a strange example of the way in which Rome has buried her old buildings and erected new ones upon their graves. This modern church is built of wreckage picked up from various Roman ruins. It possessed little interest to the traveller until an investigating priest discovered that another church was beneath it. This lower church is supposed to have been built upon the site of St. Clement's house in the reign of Constantine. After excavating it, the good priest was moved to go down still farther, and discovered beneath this second church the walls of a house of the second century B. C., and still farther down fragments of another building, the masonry of which shows it to be of the early Republican era. There is no telling what strange things can be found in Rome if one will simply dig for them.

But we have been underground during a

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large part of this ramble, and, having no fondness to continue the investigation of cellars, we come to the surface again and proceed to the southeastern extremity of the city, where we enter the square of the Lateran, in the centre of which stands the tallest obelisk in the world. This mighty shaft from Heliopolis rises more than 150 feet from the ground, the obelisk itself being more than a hundred feet in height and weighing something like 430 tons. Our guide-book gives us the figures, and we hasten to forget them while we look beyond and see the Palace of the Lateran.

As we have already visited the Lateran, and have examined, as far as our time would permit, the treasures of art and archæology that are within, we may now pass it by, and enter, on the south of the piazza, the Baptistery of the Lateran, or San Giovanni in Fonte, an octagonal structure built probably in the fifth century, under Sixtus the Third.

This was the first building ever erected exclusively for baptismal purposes, serving later as a model for the baptisteries of Florence, Pisa, and a score of others. Without, it is bald and unattractive, but within, the effect

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THE LATERAN PALACE

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of the sunlight falling on the rich, dark columns of porphyry and the delicately chiselled marble can hardly be described. We do not know whence these columns came. They were taken from some ancient temple, no doubt, or perhaps from more than one, since the capitals are not of the same design. A legend tells us that Constantine was baptized here in this green basalt font and that he built the baptistery. The latter is certainly not true, and as for the former, — we are getting tired of disproving legends. Rienzi believed the tale and bathed in the same vessel as a preparation for his knighthood. This act, considered by many as a sacrilege, was one of the earliest indiscretions which finally caused the downfall of "the last of the tribunes."

In the Oratory of St. Venantius, a chapel opening from the Baptistery, we may see some quaint old seventh-century mosaics which are not at all beautiful, but are very interesting as a step in the development of Christian art (page 200). Having examined them, we make our exit, pass around the Lateran Palace into the Piazza Porta San Giovanni, and face the church at its main entrance, where we find

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a modern façade with its portico and loggia. The Church of the Lateran, like the palace, has been several times destroyed and rebuilt, the present edifice dating from about the middle of the fourteenth century, though its many restorations and recent additions make it seem much newer.

Entering between antique bronze doors which belonged of old to the Senate House in the Forum, we find ourselves in the church. On either hand, in niches flanked by columns of verde antique, stand the twelve apostles, overhead stretches a gorgeously gilded ceiling, — one of the many things in Rome that are said to have been designed by Michelangelo, — under our feet is a mosaic pavement dating from early in the fifteenth century, before us are a canopy and high altar containing, we are told, the heads of Peter and Paul, and the wooden table from the catacombs, which Peter used as an altar. Whether St. Peter ever used an altar, or whether this wooden table was not made by a third-rate joiner of much later date, are questions we cannot presume to answer. The story of the heads is probably quite fictitious.

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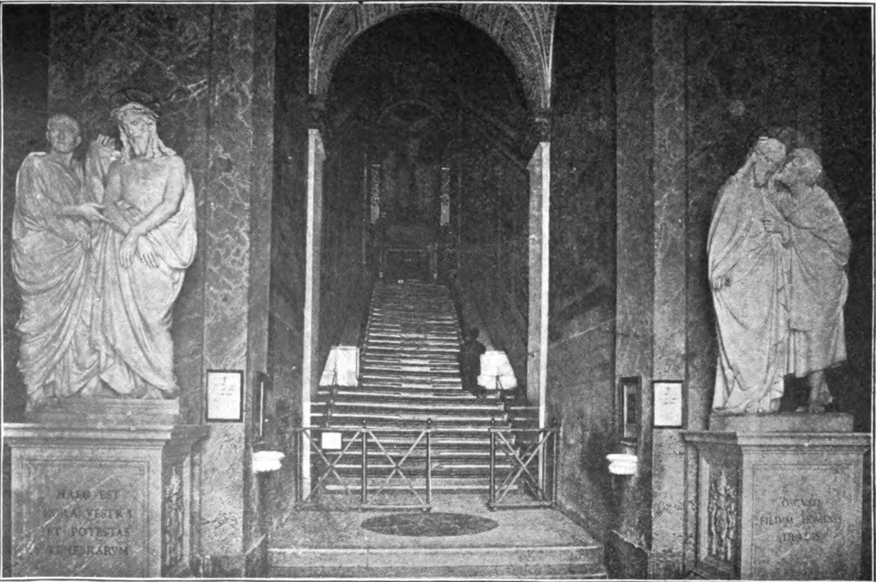

THE HOLY STAIRS

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Leaving the church, we cross the piazza, enter a door, and come upon the Scala Santa, or Holy Stairs. It is said that these stairs belonged to Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, and that Constantine's mother, the Empress Helena, had them brought to Rome because the Saviour may have stood upon them. On this staircase dark red stains are shown. You are told that they are the blood of Christ, and that any one who will go up the stairs upon his knees, repeating paternosters as he goes, will receive certain indulgences. Such numbers have taken advantage of this means of grace that the stones are sadly worn, and it has become necessary to enclose them in a wooden covering which can be renewed from time to time. Slits are cut in the wood, and through the openings the stone may be seen, but not touched. Over the so-called blood-stains is inserted a plate of glass, now worn hollow by continual kissing.

An interesting event in the history of this staircase occurred some four hundred years ago, when Martin Luther tried to ascend it with the rest, but stopped midway, and walked down in disgust. At the top is a chamber

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where the Pope only may enter, and in it is a sacred picture exhibited but once a year, in order to preserve its sanctity, — a picture which they tell us was begun by St. Luke, but finished by invisible hands. The invisible hands probably belonged to some ambitious priest, and were not particularly skilful, if we may believe the testimony of those who have seen the picture.

From this point we direct our Phœbus eastward along the line of the Aurelian Wall, and reach the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which is another of the Seven Churches of Rome. We are told that here we may see, if we care to, the original inscription from the Cross, in Pontius Pilate's own handwriting. But as we have never particularly admired Pontius Pilate, and as these relics are beginning to pall upon us, we may decide to pass it by and turn our faces toward our caravansary.

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SAN LORENZO FUORI LE MURA

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CHAPTER III.

THE GREATER ST. MARY'S AND THE SUBURBAN CHURCHES OF ST. LAWRENCE AND ST. AGNES

THIS morning we shall set forth from the Piazza Cinquecento on the tram for St. Lawrence's basilica, San Lorenzo fuori le Mura. This takes us out by the Porta San Lorenzo, formerly the Tiburtian gate, a low, irregular, picturesque old portal built under the arches of three aqueducts, by Arcadius and Honorius in the last days of the empire, at the instigation of the unfortunate Stilicho.

After rattling along for some three-quarters of a mile on the road toward Tivoli, we disembark and find the church somewhat back from the road, with a bronze statue of the saint upon a column of red granite in the little piazza before it. St. Lawrence, or San Lorenzo, as our Italian friends prefer to call him, occupies an important position in the Roman calendar. It is generally conceded that in

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Rome he stands next to Sts. Peter and Paul in order of sanctity. He was roasted alive upon a gridiron, and is said to have discovered some humour in the situation, for he turned toward his executioners just as he was about to expire, and said, cheerfully, "The meat is done. Come hither and eat." Fragments of the gridiron are shown here and in three or four other churches.

This basilica of St. Lawrence was originally only a chapel, and was founded by Constantine in the ancient cemetery of St. Cyriaca over St. Lawrence's tomb, in this respect resembling the churches of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, and some fifty others which were established primarily for the convenience of pilgrims coming to worship at the graves of the martyrs. Like many other ancient churches, also, it was built piecemeal, the oldest portion of the present edifice dating from the ninth century, with additions all the way down to 1864, when the façade was embellished with these painted saints in imitation of mosaic. During the troublous times of the Middle Ages the church was fortified, was surrounded by a wall, and, for the safety of wor-

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shippers from the city, was connected by a portico with the city gate, three-quarters of a mile away.

The interior shows perhaps as clearly as that of any church in Rome the way in which pagan temples and imperial palaces entered bodily into the construction of the early Christian basilicæ. We stand in the older church and note the variety of the columns, and especially the patchwork cornice which is made up of bits of frieze taken seemingly at random from any ruin that was available. Owing to the accumulation of rubbish and consequent elevation of level, the pavement of the later portion of the church, built in the thirteenth century, was some ten feet higher than that of the older church, and in order to avoid a descent by stairs, Pope Honorius the Third conceived the idea of filling up the old nave and aisles to the level of the newer building and making a crypt beneath the floor thus formed. Hence the columns are half-buried except on the side toward the aisles, which have since been excavated.

We may descend into the crypt and see the tombs of St. Lawrence, St. Stephen, St.

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Justin, and also of Pius the Ninth, who lies buried in close proximity to the sainted dead of old. Pius wished to be interred in Santa Maria Maggiore, but a health regulation passed by the new Italian government prohibited the burying of dead within the city walls, and pride led him to specify in his will that no favours should be asked for him of his conquerors.

Leaving St. Lawrence we take the tram again and find ourselves in the midst of a picnic-party returning from somewhere in the country about Tivoli. There are dark-eyed Roman maids and happy Roman swains carrying baskets in which luncheon has given place to marguerites and poppies. Laughing and frolicking in the most good-natured manner imaginable, they enliven the journey and almost make us forget the ecclesiastical character of our trip until we reach the Piazza delle Terme and observe a German pilgrim who came with us from San Lorenzo alighting and proceeding in the direction of Santa Maria Maggiore. This being also our destination, we again take up the staff and follow him.

Santa Maria Maggiore, or the "Greater St.

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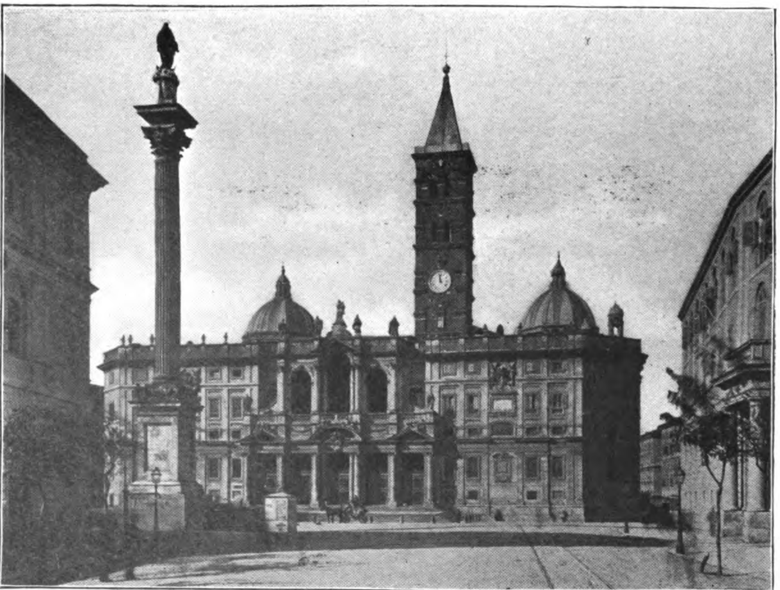

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE

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Mary's," is so named from its being the largest of the eighty or more churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin. Its façade rises upon a piazza in which a column from the Basilica of Constantine supports a bronze statue of St. Mary. I think it was Paul V. — though it doesn't matter much — who melted up a rare old fifth-century fountain from St. Peter's, the Fountain of Symmachus, to make this unattractive figure. The church itself is imposing, if not beautiful, and is interesting from the inimitable bit of fiction which celebrates its origin. Let me tell you the story:

It was a hot August night in 352 A. D., and two Romans in diverse parts of the city, Pope Liberius in the Lateran Palace and the patrician convert Johannes in his luxurious cubiculum, were trying with very indifferent success to compose themselves to sleep. Suddenly the Virgin appeared to both simultaneously, directing them to go throughout the city on the following morning, and to erect a church upon the spot where they should find a fall of snow. True to the command, each started out after breakfast, and at length met in this piazza where we now stand, — finding the

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ground white with snow, and a rigorous winter temperature encircling all. The church was immediately erected, and nearly a century later was rebuilt, the interior of the nave and aisles of the second building remaining practically unchanged to-day, though chapels and domes and tower have been added, and a new exterior wall encloses the entire structure. Let us step within, for here we shall behold the alleged resting-place of St. Matthew, the publican of Galilee. Here, also, we notice another example of the conversion of pagan architecture to Christian service. These Ionic columns once adorned the Villa of Hadrian at Tivoli; that porphyry sarcophagus in which St. Matthew's remains are now said to be enclosed is a piece of ancient sculpture, some say belonging to the patrician Johannes, but more probably rifled from some imperial tomb. The idea of a second-hand coffin for St. Matthew is, at first, shocking in the extreme, but on further consideration the authenticity of the bones within is so doubtful that we do not need to waste any sentiment over it. If you do not believe in the Matthewhood of the remains you may, perhaps, be more willing to put faith

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in another relic which is next described to you, — the cradle in which Jesus was carried into Egypt. You are not allowed to see it, unless you happen to visit the church on Christmas Day, or the afternoon preceding, when it is exhibited from a high altar, but you are assured that it is behind those silver statuettes and bas-reliefs which form the front of the great reliquary. I overheard an English tourist ask of the honest-looking monk who accompanied him, "Is it really true now, — what you tell me about these blooming relics?" The monk stared hard at the top button of the Englishman's plaid coat and replied, slowly, "It ees ze legend."

In front of the high altar and below the level of the floor is a beautiful tomb and monument prepared by Pius the Ninth for his own resting-place, but later abandoned in favour of the Church of San Lorenzo for reasons already given. On either side of the church we find gorgeous chapels, in one of which, the Borghese, stands an altar, magnificent with lapis lazuli and agate. Over it hangs a very inferior Madonna attributed to St. Luke. It is a pity that all this bad art should be laid

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at St. Luke's door, when nothing can really be proven against him.

Our afternoon excursion will take us to the Church of St. Agnes outside the Walls (Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura). We stroll down the Via Sistina, but when we reach the beautiful old Barberini Palace decide that we may well stop here for a half-hour to see how the popes provided for their nephews in the days of their temporal splendour. The palace was built in the first half of the seventeenth century by the Barberini pope, Urban the Eighth, as a monument to the glory of his family. He feared that the powerful Colonna would eventually absorb the Barberini stock, and provided against the contingency by issuing a papal bull specifying that the name and estates should pass to any living male descendant, whether legitimate or illegitimate, — anything to keep the family alive. Goethe, when in Rome, looked up the history of the family and writes in one of his Roman letters: "Urban used to complain that he had four relations who were fit for nothing; first, Cardinal Francis, who was a saint and worked no miracles; second, Cardinal Anthony, who was a monk and had no

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patience; third, Cardinal Anthony the younger, who was an ambassador and did not know how to speak, while the fourth was a general who did not know how to draw the sword." Yet the Pope managed to take reasonably good care of them, in spite of their shortcomings.

Here is a great hall, with a fine ceiling by Pietro da Cortona, and here, again, a picture-gallery with a small collection of paintings, including the celebrated "Beatrice Cenci," — so called, — which is not at all worthy of the sentiment expended upon it, — and a Fornarina signed with Raphael's name, but of doubtful authenticity. Here, too, is a magnificent library, which we may enter if it is a Thursday and not yet two o'clock, containing priceless manuscripts and letters, — but after all, it is the palace itself rather than anything in it that interests us mainly at this time, — for it gives us a glimpse of the housing of a Pope's family 250 years ago.

A few steps farther down the Via Sistina, we come upon the ugly Quattro Fontane, where we find an omnibus going to Saint Agnes's.

Out we go through the Porta Pia and over the old Via Nomentana, past a number of

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cheap modern houses, and finally reach, at a distance of a mile outside the gate, the suburban church and catacomb of the virgin saint who was put to death at the age of thirteen years, under Diocletian. The legend tells us that she was condemned to be burnt, but that the flames "miraculously turned into a cooling shower, refreshed instead of burning her, and leaped outward, consuming her executioners." She was also stripped of her clothing and exposed by the brutal soldiery, but her hair, which was long and luxuriant, covered her like a veil, until, in answer to her prayers, "a white and shining garment appeared before her, which she put on with joy, and immediately the place was filled with a miraculous light, brighter than the sun at noonday." Over the chamber where she is said to have received this garment is built the urban Church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona. There, also, in the Stadium of Domitian, was the scaffold upon which she was subjected to the flames. She was finally stabbed in the throat, and her body laid in the catacombs which bear her name. Over the grave, the first suburban Church of St. Agnes (fuori le Mura) was

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erected by Constantine, and in the seventh century, under Honorius I., the present building took its place.

The church is some distance below the modern road, and we reach it by descending an ancient flight of marble stairs. Two rows of pillars separate the nave from the aisles, while smaller pillars, above, support the clear-story, which is upon a level with the road. In the centre of the church a canopy rests upon four columns of porphyry, and under it is the tomb of the saint, decorated with a patchwork statue, the body being of alabaster, and the head and hands of gilt bronze.

From the church we descend still lower into the catacombs, and find a series of dismal passages and chambers very similar to those of St. Calixtus. To see the most interesting part of them, however, we must enter through a neighbouring vineyard. Here we find several chambers decorated with paintings, — notably a square room, the ceiling of which is covered with quaint scriptural scenes, including Daniel in the Lions' Den and the Three Youths in the Fiery Furnace, — subjects which appealed with great intensity to those persecuted Chris-

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tians of old, and which touch the beholder to-day with a pathos that the crudity of the drawing cannot dispel, but only emphasizes. Such scenes were to them no idle tale. Another interesting room is a long, narrow chapel, with an episcopal throne at one end, hewn in the rock. This was probably the first cathedral of the early Church, and was used by Pope Liberius in the fourth century, when he was forced to flee hither to escape the persecutions under Julian the Apostate. Another chapel contains a spring of water, and was doubtless used as a baptistery.

Ascending, we may step for a moment into the round church or baptistery of St. Constantia, which adjoins St. Agnes, and was built by Constantine as a mausoleum for his daughters. A circle of double columns supports a central dome, while around it is a vaulted corridor with rare old fourth-century mosaics of birds and flowers.

The day is now far spent, and we must return to the city, but on our way to the hotel we shall have time to stop and see the Church of the Capuchins, just off the Piazza Barberini. The upper church contains Guido's St. Michael,

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a painting not nearly as good as some art critics would wish to have us think, but which we may examine briefly, if you wish, and then go down into the basement, where the bones of four thousand monks are arranged artistically about the walls. Several centuries ago these chambers were filled with consecrated earth brought from Jerusalem, in which it was thought dead Capuchins could repose with greater satisfaction than in the pagan soil of the Roman city. For a time all went well, but at length moribund brothers saw this space completely occupied, and no room for their own bodies in the holy soil. To overcome the difficulty, the brother who had been longest buried was aroused from his slumbers and his bed made ready for a successor, — this rotation proceeding until the bones of the exhumed Capuchins became so numerous as to present another serious problem. What was to be done with them? It was during the Renaissance, and the artistic impulse found its way even into these chambers of mortality, bringing to the surviving brothers the brilliant conception of disjoining the useless framework of the departed and of rearranging the frag-

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ments in forms of greater beauty. Hence these architectural designs, these walls of skulls, and arches of femurs, and cornices of humeri, and delicate ceiling tracery of cervical and dorsal vertebræ. Chandeliers of ribs and metacarpals hang idly from osseous ceilings. The light of life was extinguished in them centuries ago.

It seems that a few brothers of more than ordinary sanctity were allowed to remain intact, and, clothed with the brown robe and knotted girdle of the order, now stand or recline in the midst of the fragments of their fellows, wearing a tag which proclaims their name and station. We can almost discern upon their faces a look of conscious pride at their superior fortune, — if Capuchins are ever guilty of such an emotion. Perhaps the penance of their lives has given them special post-mortem privileges.

There is a certain fascination about these chambers, and wonder at the ingenuity of the monks quite overshadows any feeling of repugnance. Hawthorne quaintly observes: "There is no disagreeable scent such as might be expected from the decay of so many holy persons in whatever odour of sanctity they may

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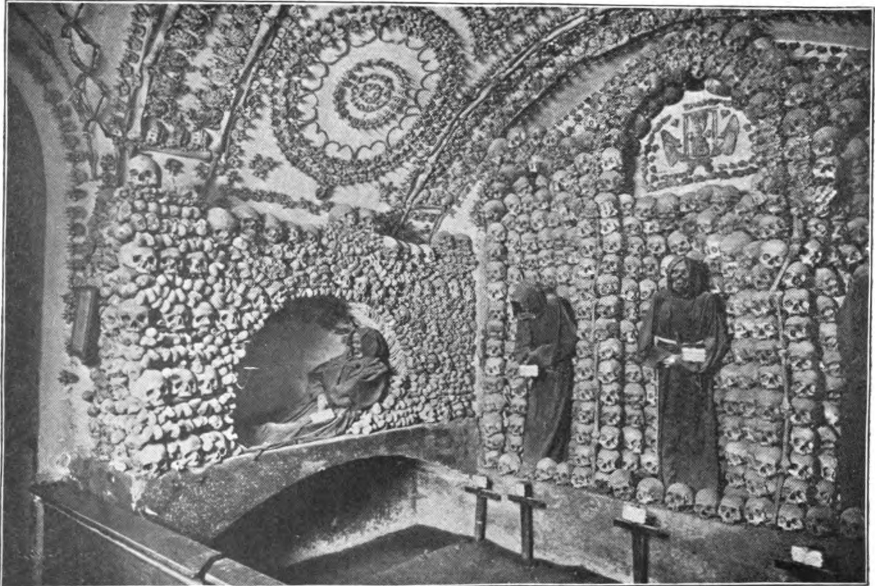

THE CEMETERY OF THE CAPUCHINS

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have taken their departure. The same number of living monks would not smell half so unexceptionally."

By the time we have finished these investigations we are quite ready to rest from our labours. Passing out, then, into the gathering dusk, we return to our hotel to a table d'hôte dinner and an early bed, dreaming subsequently — I might better say consequently — of a company of skeletons in brown robes executing a dance upon the counterpane, each flourishing in his hand a femur, and chanting the Miserere.

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CHAPTER IV.

ST. PAUL'S AND ST. PETER'S

FOR the crowning glories of St. Peter's and St. Paul's we take a new day, another of those perfect creations which Rome offers to her spring visitors, and set forth with high anticipations. If there were time, it would repay us to visit a number of other churches, which old travellers tell you ought not to be passed by. There is Santa Maria in Trastevere, with its columns of red granite from the temple of Isis, its mosaics, its papal tombs, and its frescoed ceiling by Domenichino. There is Santa Prassede, with the pillar at which Christ was scourged, the bones of martyrs, and other holy relics; there is Santa Trinita de' Monti, with its singing nuns and its Descent from the Cross by Volterra; San Lorenzo in Lucina, with its Crucifixion by Guido; and finally Il Gesu, with its altar of

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St. Ignatius, blazing with gilt and lapis lazuli. But we cannot hope to visit all the churches in Rome, for there are more than 350 of them, and nearly a thousand chapels. On our way to St. Peter's and St. Paul's this morning we shall stop for a few moments at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, but will leave the others to be visited later if your time permits.

Let us now seek the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, for here we shall find the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, — "St. Mary over Minerva," — which means that the church is built upon the ruins of Minerva's Temple. We passed this edifice upon one of our rambles among the monuments of the ancient city, but its unattractive front did not appeal to us, and at that time we were not looking at churches. Being now upon a different mission, we shall enter. It is a Gothic church, the only important Gothic church in Rome, and its interior would be impressive if it were not for the cheap decorations and imitation marbles, which detract so largely from its dignity. Opening out from it on either side are a number of chapels containing tombs and altars; in the choir beyond are the monuments of two

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of the Medici popes, Leo the Tenth and Clement the Seventh; before us is the high altar beneath which are the remains of St. Catherine of Siena, a godly woman, celebrated in the history of the Church for her good works, her visions, and her strength of character, who died at the age of thirty-three, worn out with fasting, protracted vigils, and the excitement of religious frenzy. Another tomb which appeals to us more strongly is the simple slab of marble that marks the resting-place of the artist-monk, Fra Angelico da Fiesole, who died in the adjoining monastery in 1455, a century after St. Catherine. This unpretentious stone is singularly in harmony with the spirit of the man whose simple, holy life and consecrated genius have marked him as the purest and most religious of painters. Vasari well said of him, " Truly a gift like his could not descend on any but a man of most saintly life, for a painter must be holy himself before he can depict holiness."

But preëminent among the interesting works which fill this church is the marble Christ of Michelangelo, standing by the pillar to the left of the high altar. It is a beautiful statue,

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noble, strong, and full of feeling. The sacrilegious brass shoe, which has been made to cover the extended foot, was placed upon it in comparatively recent times, to protect the marble from the erosion of countless pious lips, which could not refrain from kissing it. A brass drapery about the loins has also been added, marring, but not destroying, the dignity of the original conception (page 221).

A very different idea of Christ is seen in the attractive, but less heroic, head by Perugino, in the Grazioli chapel, on the left of the church. Look at this a moment, and then step into the Caraffa chapel on the opposite side, where you will find a series of frescoes from the life of Thomas Aquinas, illustrating the best work of Filippino Lippi (page 211). In this chapel, too, is the tomb of Pope Paul the Fourth, the persecutor of heretics and Jews and the patron of the Inquisition. His statue, a sort of conglomerate of parti-coloured marbles, represents a stern and terrible figure, with upraised hand — to bless, we are told in the guide-books, but there is no blessing in the lines of that face. If doing anything, he is

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hurling anathemas, or giving the signal for the thumbscrews.

In the Dominican monastery which adjoins this church the Inquisition held full sway. In 1633, Galileo was here made to repudiate on his knees his "accursed, heretical, and detestable doctrine" that the earth moved around the sun, adding under his breath as he arose, his celebrated qualification, "*E pur si muove,*" which saved his self-respect, and proved the futility of trying to regulate opinions by means of racks, thumbscrews, or mechanical implements of any sort whatsoever.

Making our way now to the Piazza Montanara, we take passage on a tram which carries us through the Porta San Paolo, over the road upon which St. Paul went out to martyrdom.

At the second milestone is the church. We first pass around it to the front, which is toward the Tiber, and which is still unfinished at the time of our visit. Ten great monolithic columns of Simplon granite form the portico, and above them rises the façade, adorned with mosaics. The general architectural effect is bad, — the broad base and narrow top giving

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the church the appearance of having dropped and flattened. But the detail is good and the mosaics are beautiful. In the pediment is represented our Lord enthroned, with the apostles Peter and Paul on either hand. The frieze, below, is symbolic: In the centre, a rock from which flow the four rivers of the apocalypse; upon this rock, the Lamb of God; on either side, sheep feeding in green pastures and beside still waters; at the opposite sides the two cities, Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Below this frieze and between the window-spaces stand the prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, — majestic figures, well-conceived and strongly executed.

The present edifice is the third that has been erected over the tomb of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. The first, much smaller, and facing in the opposite direction, was built by Constantine at a time when the memory of the apostle was still fresh, and when old men were living whose grandparents had seen him and had heard him preach. Indeed, it is quite probable that his resting-place was known at that time with certainty, and that this is, in truth, the spot. When we can believe in the

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authenticity of any of these Roman legends, let us, by all means, do it. There are enough of them that we must reject.

After a century of service, the first edifice was destroyed, and a larger one built, on practically the same lines now occupied by this modern structure. The second building lasted until the present century, was fortified during the Middle Ages, in the same way as San Lorenzo, and connected with the city by a covered portico nearly two miles in length, supported by more than a thousand marble pillars collected from various pagan temples. Finally in 1823 it was attacked by fire. Portions of it were saved, but the San Paolo of to-day is essentially a new creation, and bears the marks of modern architecture.

Entering the church, we find ourselves in probably the most magnificent hall built in modern times for religious purposes. Eighty pillars of granite cast their reflections upon a shimmering marble floor, the richly coffered ceiling glows like a mass of gold; exquisite painted windows temper the sunlight, which enters the aisles on either side, while above the pillars, the walls are decorated with mo-

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THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S

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saics, exhibiting such subtle gradations of tint that they can hardly be conceived of as made up of distinct bits of colour. Between the windows are scenes from the life of the apostle; below them, and forming a frieze around the entire church, are medallion portraits of the popes in an unbroken line, beginning with St. Peter, who is claimed by the Church as the first of the Roman pontiffs.

This row of popes, more than 250 in number, gives us an epitome of the history of the Roman Church. Great men and good there are, and, touching elbows with them, certain others whose portraits are sadly out of place upon the walls of a Christian basilica. There is Leo the Great, whom we remember in history as saving, by the force of his character and the sanctity of his office, the Roman city from the hands of Attila. There is Gregory the Great, zealous and devoted, who saw the possibilities of the Church as a political power, and laid the foundations of its temporal greatness. There is Nicholas the First, who carried out in the Western world the dreams of Leo and of Gregory, and who made emperors bow to his will. Then there is Formosus, whose

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post-mortem history is one of the most scandalous chapters in ecclesiasticism. Dragged from his grave, his corpse is arrayed in full pontificals and set up once more in the chair of St. Peter, where he is charged with having usurped the holy office and is asked if he has any defence to offer. As no sound escapes his dead lips, he is adjudged clearly guilty, and accordingly the three fingers which were wont to pronounce the papal benediction are hewn off, and the body thrown into the Tiber, whence a humane fisherman rescues it until the wheel of fortune turns again, the rival pope is dethroned, and Formosus is buried once more in St. Peter's with due honours.

Then comes Gerbert of Aurillac, scholar and statesman, who, as Sylvester the Second, reformed the Church and made the papacy once more respectable. Alas, it could not long remain so, for there is Benedict the Ninth, the boy Pope, who disgraced his holy office, and then sold it.

Thus is the apostolic succession handed down until it reaches Hildebrand, or Gregory the Seventh and Innocent the Third, who places

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the Church upon the pinnacle of its temporal greatness.

Then the papacy declines, and we have popes and antipopes, and so things go on from bad to worse until Victor Emmanuel enters the Roman city, and in the name of United Italy takes from Pius the Ninth the last remnant of his temporal authority.

Awaking from this retrospect, we turn our eyes to the arch over the high altar and observe upon it an old fifth-century mosaic, which seems out of harmony with all else in the church. It represents our Lord with the twenty-four elders of the apocalypse, and is interesting only as being an example of the type given to the Saviour by the early Byzantine artists. Its unloveliness is not due entirely to the fact that the artist could not make it better, but rather to the sad misconception of the person of Jesus, based upon Isaiah's prophecy: "He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him." It is a picture one would wish soon to forget, and accordingly we turn from it to the high altar, beneath which rests the great apostle, Paul of Tarsus.

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This canopy, a Florentine work of the thirteenth century, supported upon columns of Oriental alabaster, is a beautiful and elaborate piece of workmanship, though it does not seem quite at one with the simple spirit of the great leader in whose memory it was erected.

From the church we pass into the beautiful old twelfth-century cloisters, which escaped the fire, and which, with their inscriptions from the catacombs and their sweet flavour of antiquity, are in delightful contrast to the new and glittering magnificence of the great basilica which adjoins them. Here the monks walk back and forth in meditation, as their predecessors did six centuries ago.

Before we turn back to the city, we must, with other pilgrims, visit the spot some two miles farther on, where St. Paul is said to have suffered martyrdom. As we emerge from the church door of San Paolo, we shall probably encounter — unless she is dead, or has gone out of business — a swarthy peasant woman having under her supervision two small donkeys, which she sonorously declares will carry us to the Tre Fontane *subito, — presto!* We don't believe her, but the day is hot, and rid-

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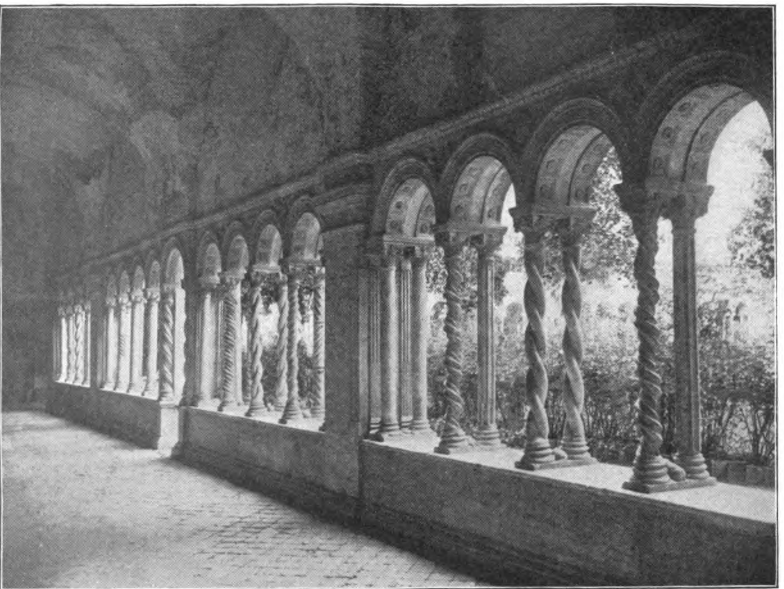

THE CLOISTERS OF ST. PAUL'S

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ing even a Campagna donkey is better than walking. So at the imminent risk of crushing the little beasts, we sit down upon them, draw up our legs, and are ready to start. They show no readiness to start. The owner suggests that for an additional consideration she will go behind us on foot and quicken their pace by the administration of a stick which she holds in her hand. The offer is promptly rejected. By dint of sundry kicks in the ribs you finally succeed in moving your animal forward rapidly for a distance of perhaps fifty yards, when the donkey suddenly becomes interested in a thistle growing by the wayside, and you as suddenly dismount, alighting on your hands or your head. Having heard that kind words accomplish more than blows, you reseat yourself upon the donkey's back, and experiment with them, but the experiment is not successful. In the end, you probably ignominiously capitulate and accept the services of the peasant woman. Thus you reach the Tre Fontane, but you will never forget the humiliation of your journey. To think of the brawny daughter of the Campagna chasing you with uplifted stick, screaming choice Italian epi-

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thets at your poor donkey, and poking him in the flanks from time to time, will always fill you with self-contempt, and you will probably never know why you did not get off and walk. Yet it is an experience which every traveller must have. His remembrance of Italy is not complete without it.

The Tre Fontane are, after all, not worth the trouble of getting there to see. Three very ordinary churches and three miraculous springs of water are shown you, accompanied by the story that when St. Paul was beheaded, his head struck the ground, and with wonderful elasticity bounded twice into the air. From each of the three spots where the head successively touched the earth, there sprang forth a fountain of water. You feel inclined to doubt the story at first, until the guardian monk proves its truth by showing you the three springs, which are still flowing. He also shows you a marble pillar to which St. Paul was tied during the execution.

Having seen the place of St. Paul's martyrdom, we are now ready to see where St. Peter is said to have been crucified. Our donkeys take us back to San Paolo, the tram

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HARVARD'S HA

takes us to the city, we get a luncheon at a little *osteria,* cross the Ponte Æmilio to the Trastevere side of the river, and make our way to the church and monastery of San Pietro in Montorio. But hold, — we are only a square from the Church of St. Cecilia, and being so near, we must see where this holy woman is said to have suffered martyrdom, and where her body now rests. Turning, then, to the left, we find within a few minutes the church which bears her name, rising upon an open court, with picturesque bell-tower and portico of antique columns. Within is St. Cecilia's statue, which we mentioned when visiting her chapel in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. This rests under a fine Gothic altar canopy of the thirteenth century, and just over the crypt where the body was deposited when brought hither from the catacombs. Without stopping to examine the other tombs and altars which line the aisles, we pass through a door at the right into two rooms of St. Cecilia's dwelling. One seems to be the sudatorium of a Roman bath, with pipes and flues still visible. The saint is said to have been shut up in this chamber by order of the emperor, and

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the furnace heated to such a degree that it was supposed she would be consumed, but a cooling shower descended from heaven, which tempered the heat of the fire and preserved her life. After this, she was ordered to be beheaded, but the executioner did a clumsy piece of work, — I spare you the details, — and she lived three days, teaching and preaching meanwhile with such fervour that four hundred pagans were converted.

We now proceed to San Pietro in Montorio. Look for a moment, if you will, into the church. You will find it like hundreds of others in Rome. It is distinguished chiefly for the magnificent view which one can obtain upon its terraced heights, and for the fact that Raphael's Transfiguration was painted for its high altar, remaining here until the visit of the French. Beatrice Cenci is supposed to have been buried here, but her tomb is unmarked.

Let us go now into the court of the adjoining monastery and see the little round temple by Bramante, erected, they tell us, upon the spot where St. Peter suffered. A brown-robed brother meets us at the door, shows us the upper room containing a statue of St. Peter,

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then, taking us down-stairs and pointing impressively to a round hole in the floor, tells us in a hushed whisper that this is the spot. Rising to the situation, he looks straight into your eyes with an earnestness that would convince the heart of the boldest heretic, and says, "Behold, a miracle! In an instant the sand is turned from its natural tint, and becomes the *colour of gold!*" At the close of his impressive address, he produces a long-handled implement, something between a ladle and a gigantic mustard-spoon, and, lowering it into the hole, scoops up with it from somewhere in the hidden depths a small quantity of yellow sand. He wraps this up in a bit of newspaper, hands it to you as a sacred thing, and looks at you with a look which says, "Copper will not be accepted in payment." You probably give him a *lira;* he smiles graciously and blesses you. Then you come away, feeling that this is one of the most expensive pieces of real estate in proportion to its extent that has been bought in recent years.

After this experience, it is rather interesting to learn of the peculiar misconception which caused this place to be singled out as the site

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of St. Peter's martyrdom. A time-honoured tradition of the Church, handed down in Latin, states that the crucifixion took place *inter duas metas* — between two *metæ*, or goals. Now in the Middle Ages the Pyramid of Cestius at the Ostian Gate, and another similar monument, since demolished, in the Vatican quarter, were called from their shape the *metæ* respectively of Remus and of Romulus. Some ingenious bishop thereupon surveyed a line between them and located the site half-way between. But the best modern archæologists have decided that if the old Latin legend meant anything at all, the *metæ* referred to were the two goals at either end of the Circus of Nero. where most of the Christian martyrs suffered, and that the place of Peter's crucifixion was probably near the south wall of the great church which bears his name. This being the case, the value of your sand will probably depreciate.

Leaving the monastery, we take a winding road along the eastern slope of the Janiculum, with a magnificent view of the city and Campagna spreading out beneath us. Here stands the modern equestrian statue of Garibaldi, the

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popular hero of Italian independence, looking over the city, and forming one of the most prominent landmarks upon the western hills. Passing on through gardens of jessamine and over rose-embroidered terraces, we come at length upon the little convent of St. Onofrio, famous as the refuge of the poet Tasso, and shall wish to halt for a moment to look into the room where the great Italian poet of the Renaissance spent his last days. He was to have been crowned with the laurel wreath, upon the Capitol, but Death made a prior appointment with him, and his coronation was left for future generations. His crucifix, his inkstand, bits of autograph manuscript and letters are shown at St. Onofrio, and a clever modern artist with startling realism has painted a full-length portrait of the poet in fresco upon the wall, so posing him and arranging the shadows that he seems to be standing there in the midst of his property. Let us leave him undisturbed, and pass out under the great oak-tree, beneath which is said to have been his favourite seat. More gardens follow, with views of superb beauty, while we pass down through the gate of Santo

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Spirito into the area fortified by Leo IV. for the protection of the Vatican, and come out a few minutes later face to face with St. Peter's.

The first view of St. Peter's from the piazza is perhaps a little disappointing. This is partly because we have constructed in imagination an ideal St. Peter's which no reality can equal, and partly because the perfect harmony of proportion in the pile before us deceives us as to its real immensity. When we approach St. Peter's we must throw away our foot rule, and adopt a new standard. If we use the notation learned at home in the tables of our arithmetics, the distance across the piazza and up the steps to the portico of the church is nearly one-fifth of a mile, but it is hard for you to believe it. These porticoes, thrown out like arms embracing the open area before us, are seventy feet in height, and afford room in one of their three aisles for two carriages to drive abreast; that insignificant little obelisk in the centre, which stood in Nero's Circus, is 130 feet in height; the great dome rises nearly five hundred feet from the pavement. But these figures belong to another world, — they mean nothing here.

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ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

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Before entering the church, we look up for a moment at the great Vatican Palace, which has been the residence of the popes ever since the return from Avignon in 1378, and which, enlarged by various builders from that time to this, forms the rambling pile above the colonnade upon our right.

It covers an area of thirteen and a half acres, or, including the gardens, about thirty acres, and is absolutely under control of the papal government. The temporal authority of the Pope has at last shrunk to the limits of the Vatican and the Lateran and the Papal Villa, but within these limits it is supreme. The Kingdom of Italy stops at their gates.

Eight grand staircases, and a multitude of smaller ones, give access to about a thousand halls and corridors. It is said that the Vatican contains, in all, more than eleven thousand rooms, and that twenty-two hundred people are employed under its roof. These include Swiss guards, attendants, porters, gardeners, domestic servants, and the workmen in the mosaic factory, nearly all of whom not only work but eat and sleep here, making the Vatican a city in itself.

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We will postpone a study of the art treasures of the Vatican until we can give them more attention, for this great papal palace is on disputed territory between the Rome of the Popes and the Rome of the Artists, and, though under papal dominion, is claimed by Art, too, as the centre of her kingdom.

It may interest you to step into the Sistine Chapel at six o'clock some morning, and see the Pope receiving delegations of pilgrims. First you must descend upon your country's ambassador, or some influential friend, and get a *permesso;* then in the chill of the early dawn you present yourself, and stand on the marble floor, resting upon alternate feet, and waiting an hour until the Pope appears. While enjoying an audience in this manner, do not thoughtlessly clasp your hands behind your back. A friend of mine once did so, but was immediately made sensible of his error by one of the gorgeously apparelled Swiss guards, who struck him sharply across the knuckles with a halberd, or some such mediæval instrument, remarking at the same time, in something supposed to be English, that such an unsanctified position is not permitted.

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THE SISTINE CHAPEL

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The pilgrims bring with them various articles which are to receive the papal blessing, — handkerchiefs, which thenceforth shall accomplish miracles of healing, images of St. Peter, bought in the street for a few sous, but hereafter beyond all price. The uplifted three fingers have accomplished the transformation, and made out of a common thing a wonder-working relic. Story, the sculptor, tells the tale that once a Roman peasant, in a crowd surrounding the Pope's carriage, was pushed upon the step. The Pope in remonstrating with him touched his right hand. This filled the peasant with unmixed satisfaction, and during the remainder of a long life his hand was never again washed, lest the papal touch might be rinsed away.

Let us step for a moment into the Vatican Library with its rare books and manuscripts, 120,000 volumes, twenty-five thousand manuscripts, in all the languages of the world. We see in a glass case a fine old palimpsest of the "Republic" of Cicero; we see, too, fourth and fifth century manuscripts of Virgil, of Terence, and of the Greek New Testament. If we had a *permesso,* we might have access to the manu-

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scripts which are kept locked in those closed cabinets around the pillars and against the walls, manuscripts which bring to the scholar a thrill of delight and which often disclose buried treasures. We see, too, about the room rare vases and costly ornaments presented to the popes by kings and emperors, from Constantine to Napoleon. We see — with a certain creeping sensation along the spine — the love-letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn. And having seen all this, and more, we come back at last to stand in the great central hall, which is but one of twenty-five chambers devoted to the library, and marvel at the beauty and magnitude of it all.

This is as far, however, as we can penetrate into the Vatican at present. We leave that Court of the Belvedere with its treasures till we have more time to study them; we leave the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, the Corridor of the Chiaramonti, the Hall of the Biga, the Hall of the Statues, — they are the centre and soul of another Rome, which we have yet to visit and enjoy.

From the level of the piazza, we do not get a satisfactory impression of St. Peter's dome.

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THE VATICAN LIBRARY

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It is partly concealed behind the great façade, and the perspective dwarfs its true proportions. Michelangelo's design provided for a shorter nave, giving the church the form of a Greek cross, making nave, choir, and transepts all of equal length, meeting under the dome. Externally there is no doubt of the greater effectiveness of such an arrangement. But we do not need to criticize it as it stands.

To see the true beauty of the dome, the eye must catch it from the Villa Doria Pamphili, or from the Pincio, or from the Capitol, or from some other height, where the city sinks away beneath it, and leaves it rising up toward heaven, the symbol of aspiration and of strength. Of all the grand and beautiful things in modern Rome, we shall not see anything else so beautiful as the dome of St. Peter's. It is the crowning triumph of architectural genius, the most perfect example of a conception which began with the Pantheon and reached its culmination here in the city of its birth.

I have said "*modern* Rome," for the St. Peter's of to-day dates from the sixteenth century. The older St. Peter's, built by Con-

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stantine in the fourth century, was not so grand an edifice. A quaint old print taken from an early drawing gives us an idea of its appearance. But if it was not the equal of its successor, it served its purpose well for more than eleven centuries, until the walls began to crack and it was feared that they might fall, — for the south wall of the church had been built upon foundations which supported the rows of seats on the north side of Nero's Circus, and these foundations had settled, — not being designed to support so heavy a weight. It is supposed that after the execution of St. Peter, his friends were allowed to bury him in a public cemetery just across the old road which passed along the north side of the Circus. The church was afterward erected over the cemetery and road in such a position as to bring the tomb of Peter in the centre of the apse, where we now find it. Investigations made during the building of the present church revealed the bodies of other early Christians buried in the immediate neighbourhood, one of whom was declared by an inscription upon the sarcophagus to be Linus, Peter's assistant and successor.

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THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S

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But the time has come for us to enter St. Peter's and to look upon the glories within. As we push aside the curtain at the great door, the heart beats more quickly at the anticipation. Do not be disappointed if you do not at once see all that you had hoped. You may be content to wait until the mind expands to meet its new environment. St. Peter's is too great to show its greatness, for there is nothing small within it for comparison, excepting man himself. Look at that tourist yonder with his red Baedeker in his hand, making note of the measurements of the chubby angels above the holy water basins. He is giving us a slight conception of the greatness of this great basilica by showing us his own littleness. You need not try to think how big St. Peter's is. Think, rather, how beautiful it is, how harmonious in all its parts. You will at first perhaps want to criticize the brilliancy of the mosaics, and the redundancy of the decoration. Do not let that disturb you. Let there be one spot in Europe where you do not question whether or not you *ought* to be pleased, but simply admire and enjoy. You may safely do so, and as time goes on and you become more familiar

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with this glorious interior, you would not change a mosaic, nor a tomb. Not even would you remove the great bronze statue of St. Peter, with extended toe worn smooth by the kisses of the faithful. He has his place here, and this would not be St. Peter's without him.

At the bases of the four great piers which support the dome stand immense statues, representing St. Longinus, St. Helena, St. Veronica, and St. Andrew. Over each is a loggia, or balcony, from which a door leads to a recess in the masonry, and in each of these four recesses is kept a sacred relic. Over St. Longinus is the spear with which he pierced the side of the Saviour just before the declaration, "Truly this was the Son of God;" above St. Helena is a portion of the true cross; above St. Veronica, the handkerchief with which Christ wiped his brow when on the way to Calvary, and upon which his features left their imprint; above St. Andrew, St. Andrew's head. These relics, like many others in Rome, are only exhibited on special occasions, but we have already become familiar with some of them through counterparts in other European

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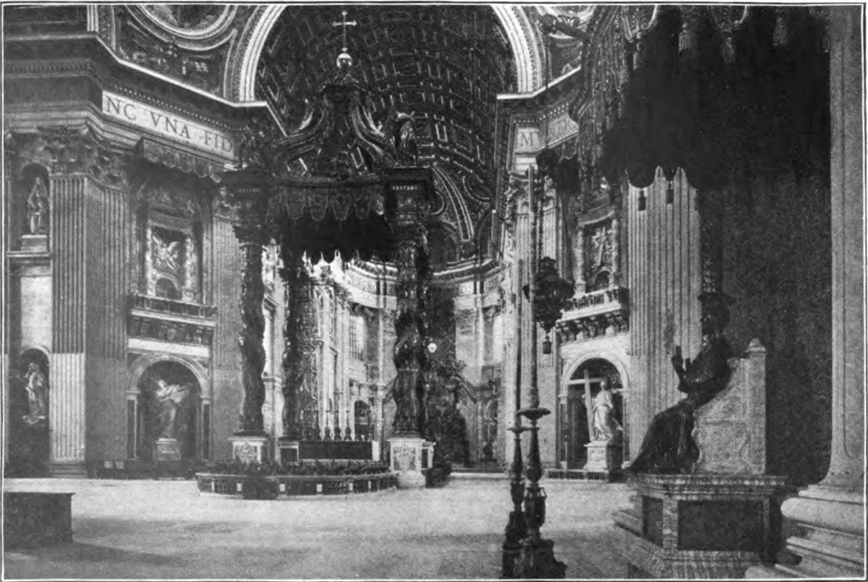

THE HIGH ALTAR OF ST. PETER'S

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churches, the spear of Longinus being also found in Vienna, and portions of the true cross distributed all over Europe. Indeed it is quite astonishing how much of the true cross has been preserved.

A mosaic frieze surrounds the base of the dome, bearing the quotation from the Vulgate, which means so much to the Catholic Church: "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni cælorum*" (Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven). The letters of this inscription measure six feet in height, — another illustration of the uniformity of greatness which marks everything in this huge basilica.

Beneath the dome, and under the bronze canopy, or *Baldacchino,* is the high altar. Just before it, we descend by one of a double flight of marble stairs into the *Confessio,* an open space below the level of the church, surrounded, above, by a bronze railing which supports a circle of ever-burning lamps. Here is Canova's beautiful statue of Pius the Sixth, kneeling in

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prayer, and, opposite to it, doors of gilt bronze guard the sacred Tomb of St. Peter.

Returning to the floor level, we see in the tribune, beyond the dome, a peculiar structure of bronze supported by four figures, Saints Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, the doctors of the Church. This encloses an ancient wooden chair, said to have been used by St. Peter when officiating as bishop. The chair itself, which is of acacia wood, became so chipped and mutilated by conscienceless tourists or pilgrims who desired fragments of it, that it was necessary to seal it up in this manner.

On either side of the great bronze throne are papal monuments: on the right, that of Urban the Eighth, designed by Bernini; on the left, that of Paul the Third, by Della Porta, probably from designs by Michelangelo. Let us look for a moment at the last-named work. Upon its summit is a noble portrait statue of the Pope, who will be remembered as a scholar and patron of the arts. He is seated upon a glowing mass of coloured marbles, while below, the symbolic figures, Justice and Prudence, recline in Michelangelesque attitudes, — the

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THE FIGURE OF JUSTICE ON THE MONUMENT OF PAUL THE THIRD

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younger, Justice, enveloped in a drapery of painted tin, which the modesty of a later Pope found it necessary to throw about her. The tin is several shades darker than the marble of the statue, and the effect is quite striking, yet it cannot entirely destroy the beauty of the statue, nor the majesty of the group of which it forms a part.

Turning into the left aisle, we find ourselves surrounded by more papal monuments, pictures, and mosaics. Here, next to the apse, is the monument of Alexander the Eighth; farther on, in the corner to the right, is the altar of Leo the Great, with its marble relief by Algardi, representing the retreat of Attila from Rome after his interview with Leo; before us is an altar beneath which are the remains of three of the Leos, — the Second, the Third, and the Fourth; in the left transept, ten confessionals, each for pilgrims of a different tongue; farther on, the monuments of Pius the Eighth, Gregory the Great, Pius the Seventh, by Thorwaldsen, Leo the Eleventh by Algardi, Innocent the Sixth by Maratta, Innocent the Eighth by the Brothers Pollajuolo, worth more than a passing glance be-

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cause of its remarkable portraiture of a character which even the dignity of the papal office could not make respectable; finally, between the last two piers, two monuments of peculiar interest to students of English history, — on the left, that of Maria Clementina, wife of James the Third, the "Old Pretender," and opposite to it, that of James the Third himself, and his two sons, Charles Edward and Henry, Cardinal York, — "the Last of the Stuarts."

Crossing the church and entering the right aisle, we first notice in the chapel nearest the entrance, Michelangelo's wonderful Pieta, perhaps the most beautiful thing in St. Peter's. Study it carefully, for we shall consider it again when we take up a study of the art works of Rome (page 218). In the same chapel are a very early Christian sarcophagus and a marble column, said to have once stood at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple in Jerusalem, and to have been brought to Rome by the Empress Helena. It served Bernini as a model for the bronze pillars which support the *Baldacchino,* out in the centre of the church.

Emerging from the chapel into the right aisle, we are again among the monuments of

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popes and distinguished Catholics. Here are Leo the Twelfth, Innocent the Twelfth, Christina of Sweden, the Countess Matilda, Sixtus the Fourth (in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament on the right), three of the Gregorys, — Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth, (in the Gregorian Chapel), — Benedict the Fourteenth, Clement the Tenth, and Clement the Thirteenth.

Let us stop for a moment to examine this last-named monument, which is one of the most celebrated works of Canova. Above is the kneeling Pope, a fine figure displaying gentleness, strength, and devotion, the characteristics which made Clement the Thirteenth altogether one of the noblest of the papal line. No greater contrast could be conceived than that between this figure of the kneeling Clement and the sitting Innocent the Eighth, sadly misnamed, whom we saw in the left aisle, just across the church. At the base of Clement's monument are two symbolic figures, Religion, holding the cross, and Death with inverted torch, while between them is a tomb guarded by two lions.

No specific mention has been made of the

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paintings and mosaics which illuminate and glorify these walls and altars. Most of them are copies of works which we shall see later in the Vatican and elsewhere, when we make our pilgrimage to the shrines of art.

Let us now ascend those gently sloping stairs, which we climb as we would climb a mountain path, and we shall find ourselves upon the summit of St. Peter's dome. Below us stretches the Roman city; at our feet is the piazza with its encircling columns and its tinkling, far-away fountains throwing up a film of mist, which can be seen by the darker colour of the pavement where it falls; in the foreground the Mausoleum of Hadrian, transferred later from the service of dead emperors to that of living popes, and made a part of the Vatican Palace by that covered passage which we see still cutting its way between the red-tiled roofs upon our left; to the right of this the yellow Tiber, flashing for a moment in the sunlight and then losing itself amid a mass of shops and houses; beyond, the Pincian, with the turrets of the Villa Medici rising from its bank of foliage and the twin towers of Trinità de' Monti pointing heaven-

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VIEW FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S

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ward; finally, in the distance, forming a soft background to the scene, the shadowy blue of the Sabine Hills and Soracte with his crown of snow.

Here from the summit of the Church's greatest temple we look down upon the modern Roman world. Times have changed since Jove and Apollo had their seats upon these hills, and life is altogether a safer and more satisfactory thing than when Nero's Circus occupied the ground now covered by St. Peter's Church. Then the cliffs of the Vatican resounded with the noise of the chariots and the shouting of the people. Then the orgies of the arena were lighted by human torches, — Christian martyrs, pitch-besmeared, whose burning bodies lighted up the darkness, and whose dying prayers mingled with the jests and curses of the rabble. Yet it was those persecutions that gave strength to the early church, and kept it pure. As we look at this scene, and at later scenes in Christian history, not so noble, we may read the mournful lesson which history teaches us, — that whether to a religion or to a state, power and wealth are dangerous gifts, not to be sought too eagerly.

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We descend and stand again in the great nave. The daylight is fading, and the altars around us are melting into shadow. Above us a horizontal ray from a high western window makes itself visible through the dim incense-laden air, and touches the mosaics of the dome with a splendour that is reflected below on the marble effigies of popes, and on the gilded shrine of the great apostle. From an adjoining chapel comes the vesper chant, swelling and pulsating with delicious harmony; sweetly the odour of burning incense is wafted to us; gently the ever-burning jets of flame flicker in their silver lamps and cast weird shadows on the marble floor. It is the very sublimation of worship into visible form. We recognize its subtle influence, and feel that, without yielding anything of our Protestant faith, we may fall on our knees before the tomb of St. Peter, side by side with this Roman peasant, and offer up our homage to the God who hears alike the prayers of Jew and of Greek, and whose children are not all confined within the circle of a creed.

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CHAPTER V.

A MORNING IN THE VATICAN — ANCIENT ART

THE Rome of the archæologist and the Rome of the churchman both have their phases of interest, but the Rome of the artist appeals to a wider constituency than either, for that which is beautiful touches the heart of humanity. True, Rome is not, like Florence, the starting-point of a great art movement. It is not even the birthplace of a great artist. Yet it is and always has been distinguished as a patron of the arts; the rarest statues and the greatest paintings fill its galleries; it is a centre of artistic interest, beloved by all who love the noble and the beautiful, and is perhaps the one city in the world where we may best follow the development of the art impulse from its earliest beginnings, and see typical examples of each age.

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The centre of the Artists' Rome is the Spanish Stairs. Here on a bright morning we may see the raw material which enters into the composition of a work of art. Sitting yonder, in the shadow of that stone building on the right, the house where the poet Keats lived and died, are girls with dark hair and wonderful eyes, comely matrons who have ripened under the genial influence of an Italian sun, handsome men of peasant birth but regal bearing, sweet-faced children, all awaiting their turn to be transferred to canvas, or to marble, whether as Madonnas, saints or brigands, it matters little to them. This is the artists' *Bon Marché,* and these good people who assemble here, arrayed in pictorial garb, and posing in artistic attitude, do not come purely for the love of society and the sunshine, but with the hope of making an engagement, which shall provide the bread and polenta for to-morrow's breakfast. This benevolent-looking brigand, who is exchanging gossip with the black-eyed contadina, has within the past six months posed successively as St. Christopher, Ajax, and a Neapolitan pirate. He is a quite estimable and gentle person, and is not above accepting

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THE SPANISH STAIRS

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any sort of gratuity which you may see fit to bestow upon him.

There is a most artistic atmosphere about this spot. It has been for ages the rendezvous of the artist class, and the models who lounge here this morning are the children of a former race who posed for Raphael and for Correggio. If we ascend to the summit of the stairs and turn to the left into the Via San Martino we shall find the house where Michelangelo lived while executing the commissions of Pope Julius the Third, and almost in the shadow of it a modern workshop where the American sculptor, Story, has in our own generation followed the work of his great masters. Three centuries of art have been born within a stone's throw of the Spanish Stairs.

There at the head of this historic stairway in the Piazza Trinità de' Monti stands one of those shafts of granite which, on the banks of the Nile in the early dawn of civilization, marked the beginnings of all art, — the first effort of a people emerging from barbarism to embody an idea in stone. Erected probably to record the triumph of some conquering hero, and inscribed with quaint symbolic figures, it

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seems to have little in common with the finished works of art which we are soon to visit. Yet this Egyptian obelisk with its rude carvings is the legitimate parent of the Apollo of the Belvedere, and it stands here quite fittingly at the summit of the artists' stairway.

Taking this old monument as our starting-point, we shall attempt to follow the development of the art idea to its perfection among the Greeks, to its subsequent decline among the later Romans, and to its resurrection in the Italian masters of the Renaissance. In this brief survey we can examine only a type of the work of each important period, and in no other place can we find so many of these types as in the Vatican.

Let us at once go thither, and, if it is on a Tuesday or a Friday, we may begin our review in the Egyptian Museum. Here in the second room are several colossal statues, — the mother of Rameses the Great, between two lions of black basalt, found in the Baths of Agrippa; and Ptolemy Philadelphus with his royal consort, Arsinoë, in red granite, found in the Gardens of Sallust. We need not look farther, for these give us the characteristics of Egyptian

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art. We notice first, that impressiveness is secured by size, — by mere bulk of material. The Egyptians were the race who built the Pyramids and the Sphinx, — who built that obelisk which we saw at the head of the Spanish Stairs and others which we have found in different parts of Rome. If we had time to examine Egyptian works of different epochs, we should see a growing ability to express ideas, but the Egyptian sculptors never succeeded in freeing themselves from a mannerism which shows itself in these expressionless faces and angular attitudes.

In the tenth room of the Egyptian Museum, we find a collection of Assyrian sculptures. Here are reliefs which show greater freedom and an effort at realistic historical representation. The storming of a city is pictured on one of these reliefs; on another a raft is shown crossing a river. These works are exceedingly crude and conventional, but they are another step in the development of ancient art.

We may pass by the Etruscan Museum, devoted to the beginnings of art in Italy, for Etruscan art had little influence upon the great world movement, and its only strength is seen

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in the production of vases, ornaments, and domestic utensils.

Turning now to Greek art, and ignoring the few unsatisfactory fragments in the Vatican which show its earlier stages, we will examine the first great work of that epoch which produced models for all time. Here in the Hall of the Biga is an antique marble copy of the disk-thrower of Myron (No. 618), the original of which, in bronze, was probably destroyed during the troublous times that followed the disruption of the Alexandrian Empire. This beautiful statue well illustrates many of the characteristics of Greek sculpture. The subject is an athlete, perhaps contesting for a laurel wreath at the Olympian games, hurling the discus with such freedom and strength as had never before been portrayed in art. It is a subject that appealed strongly to the Greek imagination. The athlete was the hero; physical strength and physical perfection were the ideals for which the nation strove. Beauty was their religion, and the beautiful and the good were to them synonymous, but the beauty which they worshipped was physical, not moral. A thing was good

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MYRON. — DISKOBOLOS

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because it was beautiful; not beautiful because it was good. Again, their mode of life and style of dress were such that the outlines of the human form were not concealed beneath tasteless clothing, nor distorted by changing fashions. The nude body was to them the natural body, and no race of artists has known it so thoroughly, or portrayed it so perfectly. Myron in his disk-thrower has here touched the key-note of all Greek art, though it remained for his greater contemporary, Pheidias, to put into it somewhat of the ideal.

Pheidias can best be studied in the fragments of the Parthenon frieze, which now adorn the British Museum, for unfortunately Rome possesses no original work of this master. The ancient bust from Otricoli, which we find in the Sala Rotonda, — another of the halls of the Vatican, — catalogued as No. 539, may suggest the Zeus which Pheidias produced in his famous statue at Olympia, though the treatment shows that it belonged to a later period, being more exaggerated and less restful than we should expect from the sculptor of the Elgin marbles. The grandest works of Pheidias, the colossal statue of Zeus at Olym-

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pia, just referred to, and that of Athena in the Parthenon, the former sixty, the latter forty feet in height, were chryselephantine, — the body of ivory, the hair and draperies of gold. The Zeus of Olympia was probably his masterpiece, and in it the artist fixed for all time the type of the ruler of gods and men. The large, calm eyes, the thoughtful brow, the ambrosial locks, the somewhat sensuous lips, express the Greek idea of strength and benevolence. It was the highest conception of divinity possible to that age and people.

Another work of about the same period, attributed by some to Alkamenes, the most distinguished of the pupils of Pheidias, is the beautiful head of Hera, which we saw in the Boncompagni Museum, and which is commonly known as the Ludovisi Juno. It is the divine consort of Zeus, a wonderful creation, which grows more wonderful as one gazes upon it. There is not in all sculpture a head more noble than that, with its calm seriousness, its conscious strength, — in every line a goddess and a queen. "It is like a verse of Homer," was Goethe's exclamation as he looked upon it. This magnificent head is a fair representative

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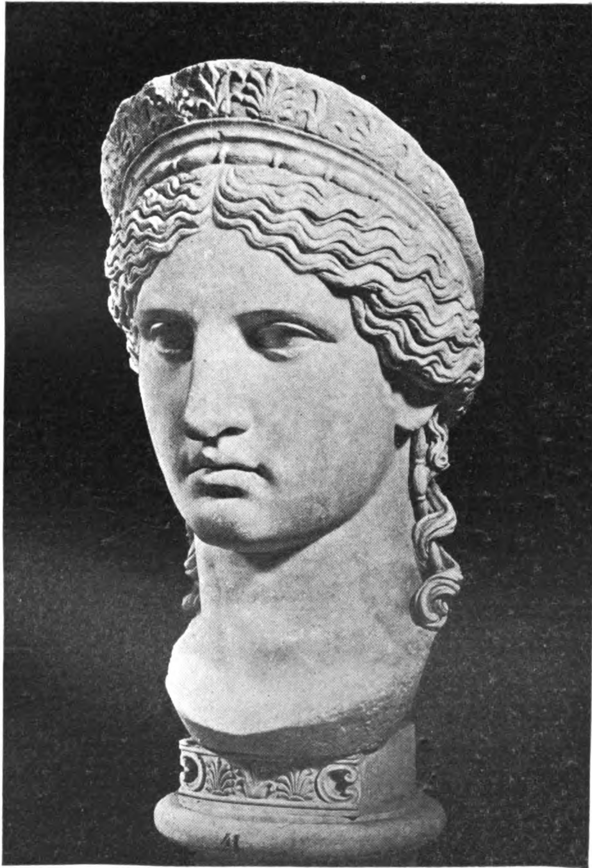

ALKAMENES. — HEAD OF HERA

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of the early Attic school of sculpture, of which Pheidias was the soul and inspiration.

Let us turn now to the school of Argos, contemporary, but quite distinct from that of Athens. Polykleitos was the master spirit, once a fellow student of Pheidias, but later his rival. Polykleitos was a realist, — refined, but still a realist. He went back to Myron, and, like that elder sculptor, produced athletes and noble human figures, with more polish than did Myron, and perhaps with greater skill. To get an idea of his work we pass into the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, and discover a copy of the Doryphoros, or Spear-bearer, that celebrated work of Polykleitos called by the artists of his day The Canon, and used by them as the standard of correct anatomical proportion. But as we look at it, it seems hardly possible that the copy can accurately represent the original. It is heavier than we should expect, and lacks the delicacy of the best work of that period. A replica of this statue — and a better work — is in the museum at Naples; but better than either, as an example of the work of Polykleitos, is the Diadumenos, or youth binding his temples with the

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token of victory, a statue which was until recently in the Farnese collection here in Rome, but which is now in the British Museum. An idea of it may be gained from a relief here in the Round Vestibule of the Belvedere (under No. 7). Polykleitos was the sculptor of beautiful youths and maidens, and within his sphere was unexcelled. When, however, he tried to portray the gods, he went beyond his depth. He attempted a colossal chryselephantine statue of Hera at Argos, to rival the Zeus of Pheidias, but it fell far short of his ambition. On the other hand, he made a better Amazon than Pheidias, and won a prize for it in competition. This well illustrates the difference between the two men and their respective schools.

We have now seen types of the first great period of Greek art, the Pheidian age, extending down to about the year 400 B. C. The second period marks the beginning of the decline. Skopas, Praxiteles, and Lysippos are its representatives, Skopas and Praxiteles following the work of Pheidias and the Attic school, Lysippos, on the other hand, following Polykleitos. We shall find in Rome good examples of the

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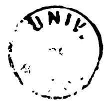
SKOPAS. — NIOBE'S DAUGHTER



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work of these three men. Let us first observe this fleeing figure, catalogued as Number 176 in the Chiaramonti Museum of the Vatican. It is sadly mutilated, yet the rush of the draperies and the vigour of the action proclaim the hand of a master. It is one of the Niobe group, and a better piece of work than the replica which is at the Uffizi in Florence with the other members of the group. The present figure is one of Niobe's daughters, fleeing from the avenging darts of Apollo and Artemis. Whether the Niobe group is the work of Skopas, as generally supposed, or of Praxiteles, as some suspect, it is at least one of the finest examples of the sculpture of this age.

Better known than Skopas, but no greater, is the genius who has given his name to this second period, the exponent of physical beauty, Praxiteles. His marvellous Aphrodite, which he made for the Temple at Knidos and which people travelled miles to see, has unfortunately been lost to us. Critics who think they see in the Venus de Medici a copy of this antique work are probably very wide of the mark. Nor are the copies of works here in the Vatican and elsewhere, catalogued as the Venus of

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Knidos, at all authentic. Perhaps the Venus of the Capitol approaches the type of it. But we have in the little Eros, pleasantly known as the "Genius of the Vatican," what is probably a copy of one of the master's most characteristic works. It is in the Gallery of Statues (Number 250), and is sometimes erroneously called Thanatos. There is a story that Praxiteles offered to present to Phryne any statue that she might choose. She wished to select what the sculptor himself considered his finest work, but not being able to learn from him his preference, resorted to a bit of native feminine diplomacy. Causing a report to be circulated that the temple was in flames and that all his statues were being destroyed, she remained calmly in the background and took notes while he rushed from his house, tearing his hair and exclaiming that if his Eros and his Faun should be destroyed he would lose his chance of immortality. When he reached the scene of the supposed conflagration, all was serene, and the next morning Phryne informed him that she had concluded to take the Eros.

His Faun was also a great favourite with the ancients. Out of more than thirty antique

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PRAXITELES. — FAUN

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copies of it, that of the Capitol is undoubtedly the best. We have already seen it in the Capitoline Museum, and have admired its simple beauty. To refresh our memories, we may look for a moment at another copy here in the Gallery of Statues, on the other side of the hall (Number 406).

Hawthorne has made the Faun a part of literature. In the romance which he weaves about it he gives a most appreciative description of the statue, — so appreciative and so just a description, withal, that we need not go farther for criticism. He says: "The form is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humour. The mouth, with its full, yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright that it calls forth a

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responsive smile. The whole statue, unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. . . . Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill — in a word, a sculptor and a poet, too — could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. . . . If the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance along with the kindred qualities of the human soul. . . . The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discoloured marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles."

Returning now to the Hall of the Biga,

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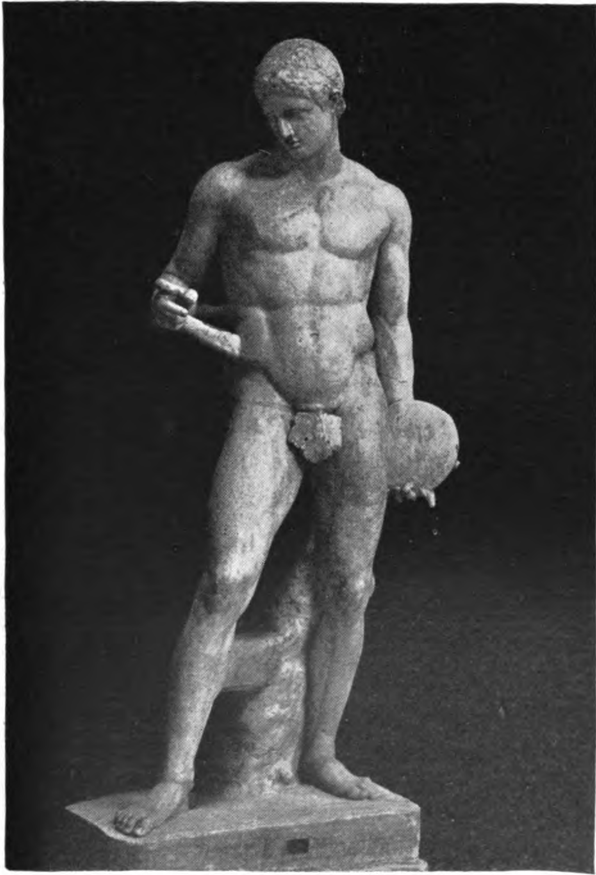

ATTIC SCHOOL. — DISKOBOLOS

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where we saw the Diskobolos of Myron, we find another conception of a quoit-player, which belongs to the Attic school, and probably to this period of art (Number 615). A comparison of the two figures will indicate what Greek art had done in the half-century which lay between them. The later creation has lost somewhat of the vigour of the former, but has gained in refinement, and has acquired a certain poise and thoughtfulness which were unknown to Myron. The statue certainly reflects the intellectual life which in Greece during that period produced those masters of thought, Æschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

If we would see this intellectual tendency still more plainly exhibited, we must recall the Sophocles which we saw in the Lateran Museum. Whether this is an actual portrait of the great dramatist is perhaps of no very great importance. It is at least a noble figure, representing the highest ideals of the intellectual life, — thought, dignity, power, exalted character. It is the type of manhood which made Greece what she was during the golden age of her history, and which gave to

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Greek literature, Greek philosophy, and Greek scholarship the vital influence which they have held over the minds of men for more than twenty centuries. This is unquestionably one of the grandest portrait statues ever conceived. Its author is unknown. Critics who attribute it to Lysippos entirely miss its spirit, and fail to observe the vital distinction between the art of Athens and that of the Peloponnesus,— the one poetic and ideal, the other realistic.

Closely allied to the Sophocles in effect and feeling, though inferior to it in many respects, are the two noble portrait statues of Demosthenes (Number 62) and Euripides (Number 53) in the Braccio Nuovo. Here we have, also, strength and intellectual force. They are an echo of the Golden Age of Greek oratory and poetry.

Also in the Braccio Nuovo we find a most characteristic work of Lysippos in this Apoxyomenos, catalogued as Number 67, a Greek athlete, rubbing himself down with a strigil, comb, or some such instrument, after a contest in the games. The head is smaller than we should wish to see; there is no great mental power in this athletic youth. The upper arm

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LYSIPPOS. — APOXYOMENOS

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is not fully developed; evidently he is not a boxer. But observe the muscles of the legs and thighs. He can run like the wind. This figure might well be the portrait statue of one of the fleetest of the Greek runners of Lysippos's day. Compare this figure with the Sophocles, the Demosthenes, or the Euripides, and you will see the differences which distinguish the two schools of Greek art, and which divide all art, both then and now.

With Lysippos closes the second of the great periods of Greek art, the Praxitelean age, not so noble as the age of Pheidias, but distinguished for those graces which are usually a symptom of decay. Following this, came the epoch which we usually call, for convenience, the Hellenistic age, falling away still more noticeably from the higher ideals of Greek sculpture, and yet appealing strongly to the popular taste of our own times. One reason for the modern popularity of the art of this period lies in the fact that Greek sculpture here leaves the realm of merely perfect physical representation and attempts to portray mental conditions and emotions, such as are demanded by the more intense, more highly stimulated

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modern taste. It leaves that atmosphere of calm repose which was delightful to the ancients. It strives for an effect. It is dramatic, and since dramatic sculpture is an anomaly, we call it theatrical.

Here is the Laokoön, enshrined in one of the four cabinets of the Court of the Belvedere. It is the first original that we have seen, all these older art treasures at Rome being antique copies of still more antique originals, which were lost before modern history began. In execution, the Laokoön is a most wonderful work. We need not trouble ourselves about the three Athenian sculptors who are said to have produced it, for the time has passed in Greece when the sculptor's personality is worth considering. He is no longer the popular idol of the nation, but the client working in the service of a wealthy patron or at a luxurious court. The Alexandrian Empire has crushed out the freedom of the Greek states, has destroyed individuality, has scattered the Greek artists, and added to Greek art an alloy of Orientalism, which extends its scope, but destroys its purity.

The Laokoön has a story to tell, — a thing

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THE LAOKOÖN

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quite foreign to the real sphere of sculpture, — yet here it is: the priest of Neptune and his two sons, the serpent sent by the angry god to punish them, the terrible struggle before the altar, the father receiving in his side the death wound, the younger son expiring in the toils of the monster, the elder soon to share the same fate. All is set forth with awful realism. Observe the spasmodic contraction of the abdominal muscles of the father, Laokoön, expressing the most intense physical pain. Observe the grasp of the right hand as he strives to tear the serpent from him. But what of the expression of the face? Lessing, in his essay on the Laokoön, finds a touch of the true artist's instinct even in a decadent period of art. If the face of the priest of Neptune showed the same degree of suffering as the attitude and the muscular expression, we should have a shrieking Laokoön, a horrible figure, alike inartistic and incapable of arousing sympathy. The subject may be beyond the sphere of art, yet it is most artistically handled. The scream is softened to a sigh, the distorted visage to an expression of intense yet submissive suffering, and the real

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agony of that suffering is brought out in the lines of the body, so disposed as not to offend the taste, but only to deepen the effect. The Laokoön was the masterpiece of the School of Rhodes; let us now see what the School of Pergamon had to offer at the same period.

In the same room of the Capitoline Museum in which we saw the Faun of Praxiteles we well remember the Dying Gaul. Byron has made him a gladiator, and without any good authority has "butchered" him "to make a Roman holiday." The fact remains, however, that he is not a gladiator, but a Gallic warrior, — dying not in the arena, but upon the field of battle. Some critics would have him falling upon his sword to avoid capture, but that is perhaps putting into the scene what is not there. It is, at all events, a terribly realistic piece of work. We are in the presence of death, — the death of a barbarian, unsoftened by any philosophy or religious hope. The broad head, the coarse, bushy hair, the leathery skin, link him with the animal, and yet what a magnificent animal! How strong! how vigorous! And how pitiful it all is — with that gash under the right breast, and the life slowly

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THE DYING GAUL

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ebbing out! It will be seen that this, like the Laokoön, appeals to the feelings rather than to the æsthetic sense. It is emotional rather than beautiful.

We now turn to the cabinet next to that of the Laokoön, in the Court of the Belvedere, and see the third great work of the Hellenistic age, — the famous Apollo of the Belvedere. It is exceedingly difficult to judge this work correctly because of the disfiguring restoration of the hands. I trust that a fanatic will some day visit the Vatican with a concealed sledge-hammer, strike off these artificial inanities, and then deliver himself up to the fury of the Swiss guards. Try to imagine such an event as having occurred. The Apollo will then look to you much less theatrical. He has certainly wonderful grace and beauty, an admirable poise, a life and vivacity that have made him the beau-ideal of modern drawing-rooms and art clubs; yet, after all, there is about him a trace of artifice, — even without the hands. The German, Schnaase, rightly called this work the most *brilliant* piece of sculpture of ancient times, — but brilliancy is not an altogether desirable characteristic in sculpture, and the

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dainty and charming Apollo falls far short of the ideals of true Greek art.

While this Hellenistic art was flourishing at Pergamon, at Rhodes, and at Athens, it was also carried into Egypt, and there unfavourably influenced by the native Egyptian sculpture. An example of this Græco-Egyptian or Alexandrian art is at hand in the Braccio Nuovo, where we saw the Apoxyomenos. Let us return and glance at it (Number 109). A cheery, half-playful, allegorical group shows us the Nile reclining in his bed, while sixteen small cherubs, corresponding to the sixteen stadia of the river's annual rise and fall, are clambering over him in attitudes more or less comic. It is not great art, and we should not expect to find in it more than it contains.

We are now ready to see what Greek art was doing at Rome. Some choose to call this manifestation of it Roman art, but it was not strictly Roman, being simply the work of Greek sculptors who came to Rome to find wealthy patrons and to minister to the newly awakened Roman æsthetic taste. The native art of Italy, — Etruscan art, so-called,—as we have already

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THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

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remarked, had little or no influence upon the art of the world at large. It did not even influence to any extent the art of Rome. Etruscan art came from the same original sources as Greek art, — namely, from Assyria and Egypt, — but remained nearly stationary, accomplishing little except in the working of metals. The art of Rome was simply a continuation of the art of Greece.

To this Greek art for Roman consumption belongs the Crouching Venus, which we find here in the Cabinet of the Masks (Number 427), and also her more celebrated sister, the Venus de Medici, in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence. Both works are exquisitely modelled, yet, after all, they are not goddesses, but simply nude women, — very consciously nude, and emphasizing their nudity by attempting to conceal it. Compare with them mentally that wonderful Aphrodite of the Louvre, — the Venus of Melos, as she is generally called, — for by closing your eyes you can surely call up the divine, unconscious beauty of that masterpiece of an earlier and purer age. You will then have a realization of the degeneracy of this later Hellenistic art. Self-consciousness

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runs through it all. Other Hellenistic works show the same characteristic. The Farnese Herakles at Naples is a very braggart in his strength, the Artemis of Versailles is proud of her swiftness, the Borghese Gladiator is playing to the galleries. There is a painful striving for effect, as if each were saying, "I am here to impress you. Behold me! for you will not see my like elsewhere."

The best work of this period was done in the reproduction of old Greek originals, which were, if not actually copied, at least varied but slightly. The famous Torso in the Atrio Quadrato of the Belvedere is one of these. Apollonius of Athens, or whatever his name may have been, did not give us anything new here. It is just as well that he did not. This Torso is an echo of something which was perhaps three centuries old, probably a Herakles, resting after his labours, possibly a copy of the colossal bronze Herakles of Lysippos at Tarentum, and we have but a fragment of the copy left. Battered, broken, discoloured, yet the eye of the artist sees in it a glimpse of the great art of the past. Observe the muscles of that back. Perhaps you say they are exag-

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THE TORSO OF THE BELVEDERE

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gerated beyond nature, and so they are. The sculptor was not making a man, but a demigod, — the incarnation of physical strength, — and in this he has been quite within bounds. Compare this Torso with the clumsy Farnese Herakles at Naples and it will be seen at once that they do not belong in the same class. The conception of this greater work dates back to an earlier period, and our Apollonius was only a copyist. It will be interesting to trace a little later the influence of the Belvedere Torso upon Michelangelo, who often called it his master.

Another beautiful copy of an antique, made probably during this period, is the Hermes, or Antinoüs, which occupies the third of the four cabinets of the Belvedere. It may perhaps not be necessary for us to disturb ourselves as to whether it represents the god or the beautiful youth who sacrificed himself for Hadrian. The weight of evidence seems now to be in favour of the god, but at all events it is one of the most beautiful statues in the Vatican. The full, rounded limbs are more graceful and less athletic than the ideal of Pheidian Greek art, but the figure reminds one strongly of the work of Polykleitos. Poussin

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considered it the most perfectly proportioned of all the statues that have come down to us We can see at once how nearly it approaches in this respect the Doryphoros of Polykleitos, known by the ancients as the standard of correct anatomical proportion.

The only originality displayed in this period — the only sculpture, indeed, that justifies the name *Roman* — is in the direction of portraiture. It was an age of the glorification of the individual. Hence we find a number of such statues as the Augustus in armour, which stands here in the Braccio Nuovo (Number 14), a really noble figure with a kingly bearing, and a face that was no doubt a reasonably accurate portrait, though the figure and pose are derived from some older Greek work.

In the sculpture of simple portrait busts, there arises little or no opportunity for imitation, and hence among these heads in the Chiaramonti Corridor, the Sala Rotonda, and the Hall of Busts, or, better still, in that magnificent collection of busts which we saw in the Capitoline Museum, is to be found the true Roman sculpture.

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THE HERMES, OR ANTINOÜS, BELVEDERE

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At one time every Roman was compelled by law to set up in his house a statue of the reigning emperor. Hence we have here emperors in stone, bronze, marble, — good, bad, and indifferent, — in the greatest profusion. Every Roman of noble rank also desired that his own bust should be made by the popular sculptor of the day. Hence we find Roman knights, tribunes, pretorians, and much else, each with a marked individuality and lifelikeness. These old Romans in marble are after all not very widely different from the men of our own day; we see in them the same characteristics of mind and of disposition that are to be found in the crowds upon Broadway or State Street.

Here in the Sala Rotonda (Number 543) is the Emperor Hadrian, vigorous, businesslike, a wise ruler, yet vain and self-willed. The character which history gives him is exactly that which the sculptor has here shown. It is altogether a magnificent piece of portraiture. Here in the Hall of Busts (Number 273) is the young Augustus, the favourite of modern drawing-rooms, a handsome boyish face, having in it the elements of power, accustomed to authority, proud and full of the confidence of

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youth. It represents exactly the grandnephew of Julius Cæsar before he became the ruler of the Roman world. Here are the busts of a Roman Senator and his wife (Number 388 Hall of Busts) taken from a tomb. They are exceedingly dignified and attractive. The Senator is not handsome, but his face is good and true, and we get from the pair a glimpse into the domestic life and feeling of a Roman family of the best type. Another bust of this period that is well worth seeing and remembering, though it is ideal rather than historic, is the dreamy, beautiful Antinoüs in the Sala Rotonda (Number 545), which stands near the bust of Hadrian.

Leaving the portrait busts, we have yet to consider one other form of sculpture, — that of historic relief as shown on arches, columns, and sarcophagi. To examine the arches and columns we shall want to return to the Forum, but being now in the Vatican let us see a few examples of mortuary decoration. First, we shall be interested in seeing the sort of sarcophagus which marked the early Roman period. That of L. Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, who was consul in B. C. 297, is to be found in

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the Atrio Quadrato near the Torso of the Belvedere. It is plain, dignified, severe, — ornamented with Greek volutes and triglyphs and having upon it a simple portrait bust. This is the early classic style. Turn now, for contrast, to the Hall of the Greek Cross, and see the famous sarcophagus of red porphyry, which is supposed to have contained the remains of Helena, the mother of Constantine, and which represents the style which prevailed during the latter days of the Empire. It is better than most works of its kind, as might be expected from the rank of its occupant. It is, in short, the very best that could be done in the fourth century, A. D., at which time we may date the extinction of ancient art. These horsemen which are seen hovering in the air are undoubtedly copied from some older work. The disposition of the figures, however, is strictly original. The two rows of men and horses upon the left, the upper apparently walking upon the heads of the lower, the warriors on the right kneeling or falling beneath the horsemen, show that there was no feeling, no instinct of art left in these Roman coffin-makers of the age of Constantine. We shall not look

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for any cheap Roman sarcophagi of this period. The coffin of the empress is sufficiently inartistic.

We have now reviewed briefly the rise and decline of ancient sculpture, and have examined typical examples of each period. Having in mind the characteristics which distinguish one age from another, it will interest you to spend a few hours — a few months would be better if one had the time — in strolling through these halls and corridors, filling in the outline which we have made, noting the characteristics of the works which we find around us, and putting into some systematic order the impressions which come to us out of this magnificent chaos of marble forms. It is to be hoped that the papal authorities will sometime classify and arrange the collection, for they could thus make it doubly useful to the student. In this final stroll through the sculpture-galleries you will see beauties which can be pointed out to you by no guide-book. Every work has in it something to teach you, and some which have no stars before them in your Baedeker will appeal to you with a force which proves that there is a personal element in art quite

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independent of all rule. While examining the works which please you, you will wish to give more than passing notice to a few which we have not discussed in our outline, but which are of unusual artistic value.

In the Hall of the Biga you will find the noble statue of Phocian (Number 616) and the white marble chariot, or Biga, drawn by two spirited horses, which gives the room its name. In the Gallery of the Candelabra are the Boy with a Goose (194), Bacchus and Silenus (148), and Ganymede and the Eagle (118a). In the Sala Rotonda are the Barberini Hera (546) and the wonderfully draped statue of Nerva (548). You will also be interested in the Mastai Herakles, a colossal gilt bronze, possessing little artistic merit, but remarkable for the fact of its being an oracular statue. A hole is noticeable in the back of the head, through which a youth might pass, concealing himself within, and producing the utterances which made the statue famous. It belongs to the imperial period, and illustrates decadent art.

In the Gallery of the Statues are the well-known Apollo Sauroktonos, or Apollo watch-

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ing a lizard, after Praxiteles (264), the Mourning Penelope (261), a fine Amazon (265), the Judgment of Paris (255), Posidippus and Menander (271 and 390), and the Sleeping Ariadne (414). In the Court of the Belvedere are the Molossian Hounds; in the Hall of Meleager is the beautiful statue from which the room is named. Turning to the Braccio Nuovo you will find a wealth of historic works, a Caryatid from the Erychtheium at Athens (5), a Wounded Amazon, perhaps after Polykleitos (44), Artemis and the Sleeping Endymion (50), Ganymede (92), Silenus and the infant Bacchus, copied from a Greek work not much later than Praxiteles (11), Juno Pentini (112), and Minerva Medica (114). These and many more will claim your attention, until you are ready to leave the Vatican and pursue your investigations of historic relief upon the monuments about the Forum.

We may stop on the way for luncheon, if you wish, at a little café upon the Corso, much frequented by the artist class of Rome; and thence proceed to the Arch of Titus. (See frontispiece, Vol. I.) This is, perhaps, on

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the whole, the most satisfactory of all the Roman triumphal arches that remain to us, and is an example of the best historic relief that Rome produced. It is contemporary with the Roman portrait busts and statues which we examined in the Vatican. The two important reliefs upon this arch are on the inside walls, and represent the conquest of the Jews. We have seen them many times in passing, but may have never stopped to study them with care. One shows a portion of the emperor's triumphal procession, in which are borne the spoils of the Temple at Jerusalem, — the famous seven-branched candlestick, the table of the shewbread, and other holy relics, — which were seized by the conqueror, and brought to Rome. The work, though mutilated, is still crisp and clear, the arrangement admirable, the figures well-drawn and full of animation. On the opposite wall of the arch is shown another part of the procession, in which the emperor himself appears in his chariot, crowned by Victory, and preceded by Roman youths. This sculpture is not so well preserved as the work opposite, yet enough of it remains to show its truth and vigour.

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Let us now step over into the Forum of Trajan and revisit Trajan's Column, which was erected some twenty-five years later than the Arch of Titus. These sculptures, winding themselves about the column in an unbroken band from base to summit, illustrate the campaigns of the emperor against the Dacians. The position of the work makes it difficult to see clearly any of the figures except those nearest the base, but in those we miss the freedom which characterized the sculptures on the Arch of Titus. There is a trace of stiffness in the figures, yet they are interesting because they show action. The men are *doing* something, — scaling the wall, or urging forward the horses, or rowing in the triremes, or fighting. There is historic reality and careful attention to detail.

A few minutes' walk takes us back to the Forum. Let us look now at the Arch of Septimius Severus and see how it compares with that of Titus. (See illustration, Vol. I., page 165.) There is nearly a century between the two in point of time, but a world of difference in point of art. The Arch of Septimius lacks the simple architectural beauty of the Arch

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of Titus, and its reliefs are worse than its architecture. Like the other sculptures, which we have just seen, they are too high to be examined carefully, but a glance convinces us that we can see quite enough. Observe, over the side arch upon the right, those masses of human figures supported upon a multitude of spindle legs, looking like a gigantic banyan-tree. The animals, where introduced, are of the Noah's Ark type. The space is badly filled. The sculptor evidently began his work at the top, and, not following any definite plan, discovered as he neared the end that he should not have room enough for another line of such figures as he had been producing. Therefore he introduced a half-line of squat creatures, which seem to have been telescoped by the weight of the sculptures above. The whole effect of this decorative square is bad. The effect of the corresponding square over the left arch is better, because the sculptures have been for the most part worn away.

There remains another stage in the decay of ancient art, which we may see exemplified in the later sculptures of the Arch of Constantine. (See illustration, Vol. I., page 145.)

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We have already spoken of this arch as composed of "things new and old." The older and better part consists of the medallions over the side arches and the reliefs and statues surrounding the attic. They were taken bodily from the ruined Arch of Trajan, and belong to a period of art two centuries earlier. The same vigorous, clean-cut work is noticeable upon Trajan's Column. We have now, however, come to the Arch of Constantine, not to see these really admirable sculptures, but to examine that portion of the decoration which was original with the workmen of Constantine's day. The desire of the age for elaborate decoration — in itself a sign of decay in art — led these later artisans to regard the Trajan reliefs as quite insufficient, and to piece them out with new designs. This frieze above the side arches is the result. The line of figures, all alike, resembling a row of posts, does not exhibit its real enormity at this distance. We must get up to them to see how really bad they are. The frieze upon the left represents some sort of assemblage in the Forum. It might be almost anything. The idiotic faces, large heads, grotesque figures, and absolute

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rigidity of pose, as well as the dead-level uniformity about them, as if these Romans were all run in the same mould, — elbows turned at the same angle, knees in the same position, folds of the tunic falling in the same lines, — all show that the end of Roman art has been reached and that the Dark Ages are not far distant.

Having thus reviewed the history of ancient sculpture, the question arises: "What of painting during all these centuries?" There is little to tell and less to see. The old Greek painters are known only to us through the stories and epigrams of Greek writers. Zeuxis, whose painted fruit deceived the birds; Parrhasius, who tortured his slave to learn how to depict the death-agony; Apelles, who drew the marvellous line which baffled Protogenes; Protogenes himself, famous as an animal painter, — all doubtless produced great works in their day, but the perishable nature of the medium allowed but a few fragments to come down to us, and they afford us but a slight hint of the work that the greater Greek painters may have done.

We are almost as much in the dark regarding

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Roman painting, though the art was probably practised before the advent of the Greek artists at Rome, being confined, for the most part, to portraiture and to mural decoration. Of the work of Greek decorative painters in Rome, we have several good examples. The arabesques found in the Golden House of Nero have already been mentioned as furnishing the model for Raphael's ornamental borders in the Loggie. Other good examples of the work of Greek painters of the first century A. D. are to be found in the wall-paintings of the House of Germanicus, among the ruins of the ancient Palace of the Cæsars. We have already visited this fine specimen of a Roman house. Let us again climb the Palatine, and return to it to examine one of its ancient frescoes.

This scene, probably representing Io, Argus, and Mercury, is broadly and freely handled; the figures are well-drawn, and we are told that when the house was first excavated some years ago, the colours were as fresh as when laid on, though exposure to the light and air has now somewhat faded them. The general effect of the picture is good, — we cannot really appreciate how good until we see some

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FRESCO FROM THE HOUSE OF GERMANICUS

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of the Byzantine paintings that succeeded it during the Middle Ages.

We have now seen quite enough for one day. Having followed the rise and fall of art among the ancients, we may be content to leave it to its long, mediæval torpor, and stroll back toward the Piazza di Spagna, idly watching the pictorial, ever-changing panorama of Roman life.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE VATICAN AND OTHER GALLERIES: RENAISSANCE AND MODERN ART

IT is our last morning in Rome, and the thought gives to it an added touch of sweetness. We are awakened by the intonation of a street-crier drawling his wares, and by the singing of a linnet, which is almost bursting itself in emulation upon the rose-bush just under the open window. The fresh morning breeze, fragrant and dew-laden, floats into our chamber, and we realize anew that in Italy the early morning is the time to be abroad. After a hasty toilet and coffee, we are ready to saunter forth again and follow the course of art as it awakens under the impulse of Christianity.

The first efforts of Christian art appeared during the period when pagan art was declining, just before the Middle Ages. In the

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Lateran Museum we found several works from the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, which showed how the earliest Christian art was engrafted upon the pagan stock. You may remember the fragment of sculpture representing Christ as the Good Shepherd, a youthful figure, undoubtedly modelled after an antique Apollo, carrying a lamb upon his shoulders. This dates from about the third century A. D., and is a fair example of what a declining art can accomplish when revivified by a deep religious impulse. It is nearly contemporary with the Arch of Severus, yet the most casual glance shows us how far superior it is. This Apollo type of Christ was a favourite among the early Christians, being repeated in a number of frescoes and upon several sarcophagi.

Turning now to the catacombs, call to mind, if you can, the figures on the walls of the Chapel of St. Cecilia. (See illustration, page 33.) On one side of the light shaft was part of a rough human figure; below it, the symbols of the cross and the lamb; then three figures in flowing robes, evidently copied from antique models and labelled with the names of three of the early brethren whose

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bodies may have occupied the three niches just below. The same antique tendency, not so well expressed, was seen in the draped female figure upon the side wall, probably representing St. Cecilia, the patron of the place, and in the two figures below and to the right, whose identity is lost to us. But the head of Christ, standing next, offers something entirely different from all the rest. This marks the transition from the old art to the new. It is crude, but original, and sets a style which developed in the East as Byzantine art, and which was followed implicitly by painters for almost a thousand years.

In our rambles among the churches we discussed the Byzantine conception of Christ and saw the fifth-century mosaic in the apse of St. Paul's, as well as the seventh-century mosaics in the Baptistery of St. John. Those attenuated saints in the Baptistery, standing stiffly upright like a row of soldiers on dress parade, staring with round, expressionless eyes at nothing in particular, furnish an excellent example of the Byzantine paintings and mosaics which are to be seen in mediæval churches all over Europe.

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The first signs of art development after the Dark Ages appeared during the thirteenth century. Then it was that Nicholas the Pisan began to revive the decorative forms of old Greek sculpture, and Cimabue at Florence painted Madonnas whose eyes were not quite so staring, nor whose limbs so rigid, as those of his Byzantine models. Then it was that Giotto, the shepherd lad of Vespignano, one day drew a picture of his sheep upon a flat stone by the Tuscan roadside and attracted the notice of Cimabue, who adopted him.

We shall return this morning to St. Peter's and the Vatican. In the vestibule of the great church is a mosaic which fairly represents Giotto's work. This is the well-known Navicella, or Christ walking upon the sea. Judged by modern standards it is rather crude, yet how far superior to that row of wooden saints in the Baptistery of St. John! Here various degrees of joy and astonishment are expressed by attitudes of the body. The disciples in the ship are somewhat clumsy, it is true, but they are not standing rigid with their arms glued to their sides after the Byzantine manner. The lone fisherman in the corner, un-

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concernedly angling in the midst of the storm, and the very corporeal prophets seated on unyielding banks of clouds may not be quite harmoniously beautiful, but there is a touch of nature in them which had not been expressed in the art of the Middle Ages.

After Giotto the next great name in Italian art is that of the monk of Fiesole, Fra Angelico, "the blessed." Let us now go up into the Vatican and see, in the frescoes adorning the Chapel of Nicholas the Fifth, a good example of his work. The walls are covered with scenes from the lives of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen, all painted by the artist-monk, and worthy of careful study. As we have not time to discuss them all, we may take as an example this fresco representing the Trial of St. Lawrence, for it illustrates at once the strength and the weakness of Fra Angelico's work. The figures are stiff, and there is a benevolent mildness in the faces of the emperor, soldiers, and attendants, not at all in harmony with the characters which those persons are supposed to have possessed, yet quite in harmony with the gentle character of this good monk, who did not know how to paint

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FRA ANGELICO.—THE TRIAL OF ST. LAWRENCE

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the baser passions, but understood only what was pure and good. The strength of the picture lies in the face of St. Lawrence. No other artist has ever painted saints as Fra Angelico painted them. He knew how to portray a soul, and we can well believe the story that he prepared himself for every new work by fasting and prayer. The pecuniary return was nothing to him, since all money received for his paintings went into the treasury of his order. He even declined a bishopric because he thought he could do more good by giving all his time to art. Painting was to him a religious service, and he worked under a real inspiration.

While Fra Angelico was painting his frescoes of saints and angels, most of which were created in the seclusion of the monastery of San Marco at Florence, other great works were being accomplished in that Tuscan city. Ghiberti was working upon the magnificent bronze doors of the Baptistery, Donatello was making his bronze St George, Lucca della Robbia was modelling his charming terra-cotta Madonnas and infants, Masaccio was decorating the Brancacci Chapel, Filippo Lippi was painting frescoes in convents and churches, and

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away to the north in Flanders the Van Eycks, von der Weyden, and Memling were creating a new and quite independent art in oil.

Following now the line of painting rather than sculpture, we come to one of the greatest of pre-Raphaelites, Sandro Botticelli. Let us step into the Sistine Chapel here in the Vatican, and see what he did there. The walls of the chapel contain, on the one side, scenes from the life of Moses; on the other, scenes from the life of Christ. Botticelli contributed three frescoes which are somewhat confused and fanciful, but which will bear closer examination. One of these from the "History of Moses," which we shall now examine, contains events which occurred at different times and places. At the left, almost obliterated by age and dampness, is Moses slaying the Egyptian; in the centre, below, is Moses drawing water for Jethro's daughters; a little to the left is Moses and his people leaving Egypt; in the upper left-hand corner is Moses receiving the word of the Lord from the burning bush. It is an odd mingling of events, yet, when we examine the individual figures, we see what Botticelli contributed to art. The stiffness

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BOTTICELLI. — MOSES AND JETHRO'S DAUGHTERS

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seen in the work of Giotto and Angelico gives way here to a freer pose, — one that in its freedom becomes at times perhaps somewhat theatrical, but which is on the whole quite excellent. The figures are willowy, the hands long, the faces expressive; there is a certain æsthetic grace, quite different from anything that we have seen before, and of such beauty as to lead to the formation in modern times of a pre-Raphaelite school of artists, who go back to Botticelli and his contemporaries for their models. The slender maidens of Burne-Jones and Rossetti are but an echo of these figures which Botticelli conceived in the dawn of the Renaissance.

The next Italian painter in chronological sequence was the younger Lippi, Filippino, a son of Fra Filippo and a pupil of Botticelli. We saw in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva a series of frescoes which fairly represent his work. One of the scenes was the Miracle of the Crucifix. The studied poses of St. Thomas and Averroës and the flying draperies of the latter figure showed us the influence of Botticelli.

Contemporary with Filippino Lippi, but

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some eight years older, was Ghirlandaio, the teacher of Michelangelo. The son of a goldsmith and himself brought up to the goldsmith's trade, he was never quite able to get away from the influence of his early training. He delighted to paint fine ladies and gentlemen *a la mode,* and introduced them into his religious pictures without regard to time or subject. He, too, worked upon the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, and in this fresco which represents the calling of Peter and Andrew we find a crowd of Florentine worthies of the fifteenth century surrounding the central group of our Lord and his disciples. The anachronism offends our modern taste, yet it has been practised in religious paintings from that day until this, Von Uhde's modern German Christ and Apostles being quite familiar to us all. Ghirlandaio at least gives life to his pictures, and draws his figures well. With Botticelli and Filippino Lippi he formed a group which influenced greatly the succeeding age. Of the same school also were Signorelli, Roselli, and Verrocchio, the first two named having also contributed to the lives of Moses and of Christ in the Sistine Chapel. This fresco by Signo-

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relli, representing Moses and Zipporah going down into Egypt, resembles in many respects other work of the same period which we have seen. Its strength is in its drawing of the human figure.

All these artists whose works we have examined, from Giotto onward, are of the Florentine school. Being the greatest painters of their day, they were called to Rome to execute commissions for the Pope, yet their inspiration came from the Tuscan city by the Arno. It was not until a hundred years after Giotto that Rome had a distinct art of its own. Then a group of painters from Perugia and the mountain valleys of the upper Tiber began their work, influenced to some extent by the contemporary Florentine school, but showing more of the devotional and spiritual character of the earlier Florentines. Perugino was the chief apostle of this new Roman or Umbrian school, and though his fame rests largely upon the fact that he was Raphael's teacher, his own work is quite worthy of mention among the influences that contributed to the development of the art of the Renaissance. Here in the Sistine Chapel, among the frescoes of the

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Life of Christ, we find an imaginary though somewhat realistic conception of the presentation to St. Peter of the keys of heaven and hell. The picture is full of the unconscious naïveté that we always find in early art. The small figures in the distance are quite comic in their way, yet when we turn to the faces of Christ and the Apostles we recognize much of sweetness and spirituality. Perugino has three other works in the Vatican which are worth noting, Three Saints, from a church in Perugia, shown in the first room of the picture-gallery, and a Resurrection and Madonna with Four Saints, in the third room.

While Perugino was painting at Perugia, and Botticelli and his contemporaries at Florence, Mantegna was doing independent work at Padua, and Giovanni Bellini and Carpaccio were establishing a name for the new Venetian school by painting Madonnas and charming little musical angels strumming upon the mandolin. Thus opened the sixteenth century in Italy,—a point which marks the height of the Renaissance, and introduces to us those four greatest of the world's painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Titian.

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SCHOOL OF LEONARDO DA VINCI — CHRIST BESTOWING HIS BLESSING

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The pictures once attributed to Leonardo here in Rome have all been questioned. In the Borghese Casino we saw a collection of paintings executed by his pupils and followers, which give a faint echo of the characteristics of his school. The best of them is the conception of Christ Bestowing His Blessing, catalogued as Number 435. It has that mysterious expression of the eyes which one sees in the Mona Lisa of the Louvre, and having once seen can never forget. There is in this picture, too, an incidental point of some historic interest. The representation of the earth as a globe in Christ's hand was conceived and painted at a time when the rotundity of the earth was first being discussed, and when Columbus had but just returned from the West Indies.

The Saint Jerome in the first room of the picture-gallery here in the Vatican, which is attributed to Leonardo, may be the master's work, but it is, after all, only the foundation of a picture which was never completed. It gives no hint of the artist's peculiar genius. Much of the great Florentine's best work is lost to us. His clay model of the equestrian statue of Sforza, so greatly praised by his con-

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temporaries, was used by the French soldiers for archery practice before Leonardo had finished it. The Last Supper, at Milan, so well known to us in modern reproductions, is a wreck, with nothing of the master's hand remaining but the composition. But Leonardo himself was greater than any of his works. A scholar, a statesman, an engineer, a poet, a musician, an architect, a sculptor, as well as a painter, he united in himself the most diverse talents, and was in his day preëminent in all. Yet he was never satisfied with his work, and destroyed much of it because it fell so far short of his ideals.

We come now to that giant among artists, Michelangelo. Down in St. Peter's we saw his Pietà, — Mary with the dead body of the Christ, — which was the first of his great works. The young man Buonarotti, then scarcely four and twenty, had been forced to flee from Florence on account of the downfall of his patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, and after some vicissitudes was invited by Cardinal San Giorgio to visit Rome. This Pietà was one of the fruits of his first visit. The expressive heads and the noble grouping proclaim it to be

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MICHELANGELO. — CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS

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the work of a master, but it does not display those eccentricities of genius which marked, and to some extent marred, his later work. It is the only piece of sculpture that he ever inscribed with his name. The story runs, that while observing the statue one day, he overheard two bystanders disputing as to its authorship. To settle all doubts about it thereafter, he entered the church the following night with a torch and a chisel, and put his name upon the girdle of the Virgin.

Michelangelo's beautiful statue of Christ Bearing the Cross, which we saw in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, was produced some twenty years later. This is a noble figure, rather more athletic and of greater physical development than the usual conception of the Saviour, but a wholesome revolt against the effeminate Christs, which are so common in art. The face is grave and sad, but wonderfully strong; the attitude full of expression. It is not a Christ to pity, but to admire.

A characteristic example of Michelangelo's later work is the Moses, which we saw in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. It was intended as part of a gigantic monument which

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the master had designed for Pope Julius the Second, but which that worthy pontiff feared to execute during his life, lest it should hasten his demise, and which, after his death, his successor thought it not worth while to complete. The Moses was to have been one of a number of colossal figures, the two Captives now in the Louvre and others in the Boboli Gardens being also parts of the same design. This stern figure of the Hebrew lawgiver is not at first glance at all attractive. The ropelike beard, the peculiar drapery upon the legs, the narrow brow, the protruding horns — a curious misconception of the Scriptural description — are quite repellant, yet after looking long upon the figure and studying it with a mind open to receive its influence, it comes at length to have a majesty such as few sculptures possess. This is the effect of all Michelangelo's work. Titan-like figures, with mighty limbs and exaggerated muscles, struggling or reposing after struggle, — we may criticize them in a hundred ways, but only a giant among men could conceive such creatures, and only an artist of heroic mould could execute them.

It was an accident that led this great man to

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MICHELANGELO. — THE LAST JUDGMENT

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lay aside the chisel and take up the brush. Julius the Second wished to complete the frescoes upon the Sistine Chapel, and determined that Michelangelo should do the work. The story of how it was done is most interesting. The master drew the designs, and employed certain Florentine painters to execute them, but disgusted with their feeble handling,. he at length, in a fine burst of rage, blotted out their work, shut himself up in the chapel, and completed the task alone.

We now come to the crowning glory of the Sistine Chapel. I do not mean the confused, overcrowded Last Judgment, upon the end wall. It is true that this is called by some Michelangelo's greatest work, but it was executed in old age, and indicates to the majority of honest critics the decay of a great man's genius. It has strength, but lacks refinement. Mrs. Jameson said a true thing when she called the figure of the Saviour both profane and vulgar, — "a thick-set athlete who, with a gesture of sullen anger, is about to punish the wicked with his fist." The whole canvas is a nightmare of writhing naked bodies, wonderfully drawn, it is true, and expressing a con-

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fused idea of terror, yet coarse and repellant. In the lower right-hand corner, among the damned, Michelangelo took great content in painting one of his critics, the Pope's master of ceremonies. The story of this is familiar to most readers; namely, that the master of ceremonies at once appealed to the Pope, but the Pope refused to intervene, saying that if Michelangelo had put the man only in purgatory there might have been some hope, but being in hell, even a Pope could not release him.

Let us turn from this confused composition, and look up at the ceiling, where, as I have already said, is some of the best of Michelangelo's work. The ceiling as a whole is perhaps at first sight rather overwhelming. To realize its true beauty we must study individual groups, and a just discussion of them would occupy a volume. We shall glance only at two of them. Let us select, first, the Creation of Adam, one of the greatest paintings in the world, in which the Almighty appears in the heavens surrounded by angels and cherubs, and with a touch of the divine hand brings into being the first man, a type of physical perfection made in the image of God. No finer

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human form has ever been painted than that of Adam, no more majestic presence than that given to the Almighty. Michelangelo was, in fact, the only artist who could paint a conception of God.

The second work which we shall examine is one of the series of prophets and sibyls, who foretold the coming of the Christ. These majestic forms, twelve in number, surround the central spaces of the ceiling. It is hard to select one which is better than the rest, but this Delphic Sibyl seems to be a favourite. Prophecy is in her eyes, and an expression that removes her from the realm of the merely human. The mystic scroll within her hand is not needed to identify her.

We must put away the temptation to remain longer upon this work, for we have already seen enough to fix an impression of the character of Michelangelo's genius. He was essentially a sculptor, and all these figures which we have seen in the Sistine Chapel are sculpturesque rather than pictorial. Moreover, it is the sculpture not of a man, but of a giant.

Leaving the chapel, we ascend a narrow staircase, pass through two rooms of modern

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paintings, and enter at length the Stanze, those chambers made sacred by the genius of Michelangelo's great rival, Raphael. One can hardly conceive of two men more different in disposition and character than these two masters of the Renaissance; the one stern, morose, full of great thoughts, struggling with destiny; the other gentle, happy, spiritual, painting out of the fulness of a glad heart; the one of the night, the other of the morning. Raphael's work is the pleasanter to look upon, and his name calls up before us sweet-faced Madonnas, divine children, the brightness of nature, and, above all, the spirituality of a religious life. We have seen in the Borghese collection one of his earlier works, the Entombment. It is not really characteristic, and, though wonderfully drawn and exceedingly effective, is too sombre a subject for Raphael. His Madonnas are his best known works, and the 120 or more of them which are attributed to him show us an important side of his genius, though they do not show it all. It remains for the frescoed Stanze of the Vatican to exhibit to us the all-around strength of the greatest painter the world has ever known.

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The first chamber, or Stanza dell' Incendio, we shall pass for the present, returning to it in the order in which it was painted. The second chamber, the Stanza della Segnatura, was Raphael's first work in the Vatican. Called to Rome by Julius the Second in 1508, at the age of twenty-five, he was commissioned to decorate this room, and pursued the task while Michelangelo was at work upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Upon Raphael's ceiling in this Stanza are four symbolic figures, Poetry, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Theology. On the side wall beneath each, an illustrative picture, either historical or imaginary, shows us the characters who have been preëminent in these four departments of the intellectual life. As we stand in the doorway, we see upon our left Mount Parnassus under the figure of *Poetry*. Apollo plays a violin, surrounded by the Muses, whilst about them are grouped the world's great bards. Next, beneath the figure of *Philosophy*, comes the School of Athens. Plato and Aristotle occupy the centre; Socrates, a little to the left, is discoursing with a group of his disciples; Pythagoras and Archimedes, Diogenes the Cynic, and other great

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scholars of antiquity occupy lower positions in the immediate foreground. No finer grouping could be conceived, and no more noble figures created. On the right wall of the chamber *Jurisprudence* is represented in two pictures, and finally, as we look back upon the wall through which we have entered, we come upon the Disputa, beneath the figure of *Theology*.

The scene of this symbolic painting covers both Heaven and Earth. Above, stands the Father Almighty, a grand patriarchal figure, holding the world in his hand and surrounded by angels. Note the graceful little cherub forms which make up the clouds, half-visible, half-concealed, surrounding the Father with an atmosphere of peace and joy. Just beneath is the Saviour with the Virgin and John the Baptist, and on either side the Prophets and Apostles. The Holy Spirit, represented by a dove, is at the feet of the Christ, and about them are four beautiful winged children, bearing the Scriptures. Distinct from this group in heaven are the earthly ministers of the Lord, the Fathers of the Church, bishops and teachers, surrounding the altar, absorbed in meditation or discussing the mysteries of the spirit-

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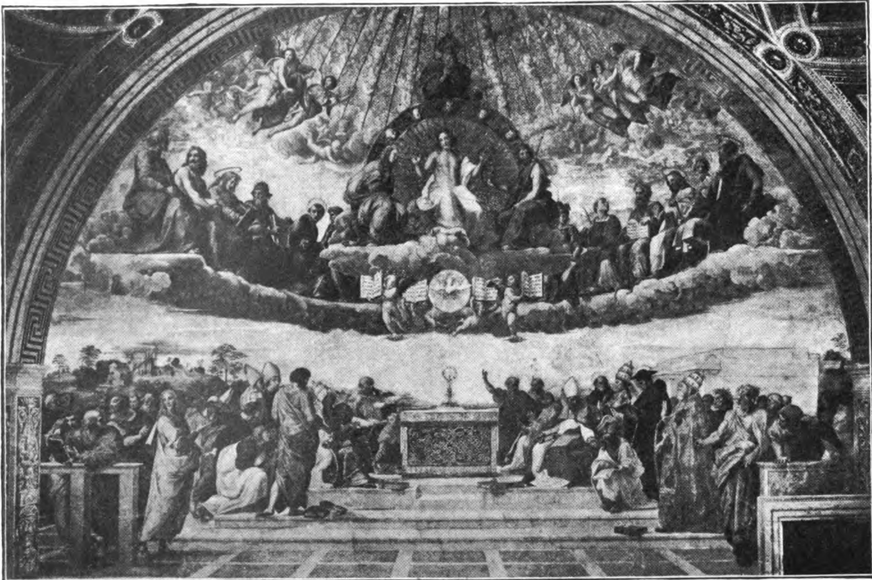

RAPHAEL. — THE DISPUTA

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ual life. Upon the left, a group of figures, who have become somewhat heated over a theological argument, are being directed by a sweet-faced disciple to the altar, as a place to lay aside all differences. In the distance, the practical side of religion is exemplified by the building of a church. The composition of this picture is admirable, and it well illustrates the possibilities of decorative painting. The work does not exist for itself, but as a means of decoration. Masses are carefully balanced, figures are arranged about a centre, even the door at the right, which cuts into the space and which would discourage an ordinary decorator, is made to occupy a part in the general scheme, and is balanced by a railing in the left-hand corner of the picture.

The next chamber, that of Heliodorus, is less symbolic. The pictures are historical or legendary, and are intended to illustrate the miraculous interpositions of Providence in various ages of the Church's history, at times when believers have been threatened by their enemies. We shall pass over the spirited representation of Heliodorus expelled from the Temple, which gives the chamber its name,

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and shall find in this Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison a work which on the whole better pleases us, because of its simplicity, its exquisite drawing, and effective management of light and shade.

Let us now return to the first chamber, the Stanza dell' Incendio, which Raphael painted after completing the Heliodorus. The important picture here is the Fire in the Borgo. This, too, is historical. During the papacy of Leo the Fourth the Borgo was threatened with destruction, but through the intervention of the Pope, who is seen at a distant window blessing the panic-stricken multitude, the conflagration was stayed, and the city saved. If we wish to criticize this fresco there is abundant opportunity. Some of the figures present a strong suggestion of posing. Yet, as we have already observed, this is decorative painting, and the taste of Raphael's age did not demand the violent action and the intense realism that we ask to-day. Decorative painting never demands violent action. It is questionable whether any worthy kind of art demands it. We have touched upon this briefly in the discussion of the Laokoön. The really great thing

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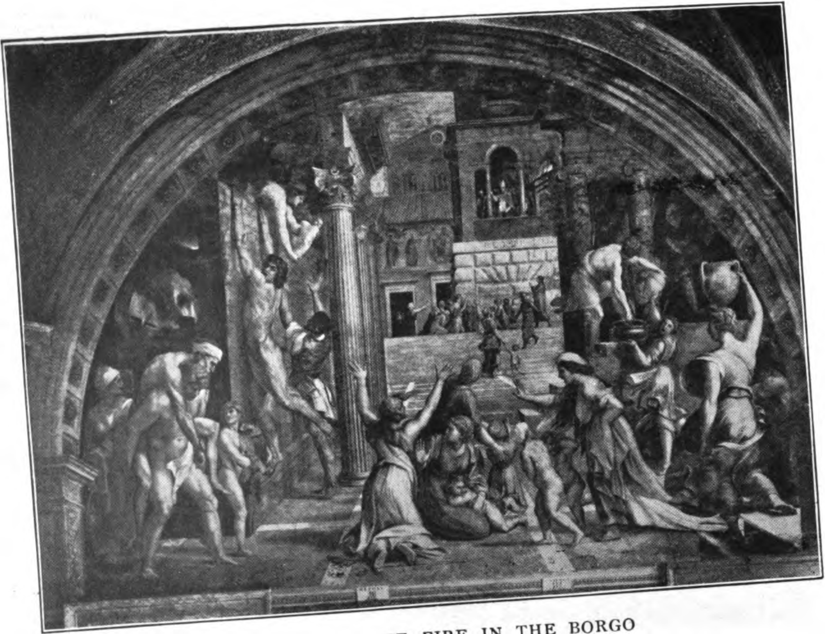

RAPHAEL. — THE FIRE IN THE BORGO

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in this picture is not the confusion nor the frightened women, but the drawing of the human form, the play of the muscles, the pose of heads and limbs. That hanging figure, which M. Taine criticizes as practising gymnastics upon the wall, is worth a hundred of your modern drawing-room pictures, merely as a specimen of perfect muscular development. And here we see the influence which Michelangelo exerted upon Raphael. Raphael never drew anything quite like this until he had seen the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

The fourth chamber, or Hall of Constantine, with its battle-picture of the Defeat of Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge, we shall not take the time to examine carefully, for, though larger and more ambitious than any of the others, the work was not done by Raphael himself, but by Giulio Romano and others of Raphael's pupils, from the master's designs. Passing on, then, we emerge into the Loggie, a corridor which was originally open upon one side, and looked down upon a courtyard. But the rains played such havoc with Raphael's arabesques upon the walls and pillars that glass windows were inserted. It was doubt-

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less a wise provision, yet it gives the corridor somewhat the appearance of a conservatory or a winter promenade for invalids. "Raphael's Bible," so-called, a series of scenes from the Old and New Testaments, is upon the ceiling, designed by the master and painted by his pupils, but the pictures are so small and so high above us that a step-ladder is really necessary if we would get any satisfactory impression of them. Having no such convenience at hand we pass on, ascend a flight of stairs, and in the second room of the picture-gallery come upon two more of Raphael's works, the Madonna di Foligno and the Transfiguration, while to the right of them stands Domenichino's Last Communion of St. Jerome. These are all altar-pieces, painted upon canvas, and illustrate a style quite different from that which we have seen in the Stanze and the Loggie. Mounted as they are upon easels in this picture-gallery, with inferior paintings and a clumsy map of Rome for a background, they lose the effect of their original setting, — but let us imagine the altar, the dim aisles of the church, the atmosphere of holy calm, and we shall get a better idea of their meaning.

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The Foligno Madonna of Raphael, though not so thoroughly satisfactory as his Sistine Madonna at Dresden, is yet among the best of his various treatments of this subject. The Virgin has the same tender, spiritual face that we know so well from his other representations of it. The features of Raphael's Madonnas vary, but the character and expression never. The Christ-child is the same divine infant with the sweet unfathomable gaze; the saints beneath, John the Baptist, Francis, and Jerome, express the same piety seen in his other pictures in which saints are found. The donor of the picture, who appears in the lower right-hand corner, kneeling in the attitude of worship, was a necessary adjunct; Raphael would probably not have chosen thus to immortalize him, but being obliged to put him into the picture, did so in a way that has in no way detracted from its strength or feeling.

Turning now to the Transfiguration, we behold the last of Raphael's works. Whether or not we believe the story that it was painted in competition with Michelangelo's pupil, Del Piombo, and that Michelangelo himself painted part of Del Piombo's picture in order to defeat

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Raphael, the fact remains that Raphael made here the greatest effort of his life, and the probability is strong that his labour upon it, at a time when he was already overwhelmed with work, brought on the fever that resulted in his death. He did not live to complete the picture, but painted the most important upper half, leaving the rest for his pupils to finish from his drawings. It is not one picture, but two, representing, above, the Transfiguration of Christ upon the mountain, and, below, the failure of the disciples in their effort to heal the demoniac boy during the absence of the Saviour. The two events are contemporaneous; the two scenes quite distinct and contrasted. The one shows us the raptures of heaven, the other the sufferings of earth; the one the triumph of faith, the other the failure caused by doubt. The lower half is not up to Raphael's standard, and is not at all comparable to the group above, which, suffused with light and colour, seems to float in a palpitating haze of glory. "And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light, and behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him."

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TITIAN.—SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE

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We may leave Raphael here. No other artist ever combined so harmoniously the elements that produce the highest art, — a skilful hand, a high poetic soul, a true heart, and an untiring devotion to his work. At thirty-seven years of age he laid down his brush, leaving a fame behind him that Michelangelo at ninety had not surpassed, and Titian at ninety-nine had come far short of equalling.

Titian must next claim our attention. This greatest of the Venetian school of painters should be studied at Venice if we would see him at his best. Yet we have here in Rome one work of his which is so thoroughly characteristic and so thoroughly admirable, that we may well be content to let it represent him in our brief glimpse of the world's great artists. It is the Sacred and Profane Love, or Love and Modesty, as some prefer to call it, which we saw in the Casino of the Villa Borghese. Neither the title nor the meaning of the picture need disturb us. We may enjoy its beauty without entering into a discussion as to the artistic purpose in painting it. Perhaps the artist had no purpose beyond giving us two beautiful forms in an idyllic landscape,

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sensuous, tender, with that love-light in the eyes, which he was so fond of depicting.

Two works by Titian are to be found here in the Vatican, a Madonna and Saints, originally from the Frari at Venice, and a portrait of the Venetian doge Andrea Gritti. Both are in the third room of the picture-gallery. The Madonna and Saints was greatly admired by Goethe, and we find Mendelssohn describing it in one of his letters. At the bottom of the picture are six saints: St. Nicholas, clothed in episcopal robes, and gazing toward heaven; St. Peter, looking over his shoulder at a book; St. Catherine on the other side of the picture; St. Francis and St. Anthony of Padua a little farther behind, and St. Sebastian on the left. Above this group are the Virgin and Child, surrounded by angels, and over all the Holy Spirit, from which emanates a light that bathes the entire picture in splendour.

The portrait of Gritti shows us Titian's real greatness, for it was in portraiture that his peculiar genius lay. The Doge of Venice is here seen in a rich robe of brown. His face is an interesting study of character, strongly handled, and giving that impression of life and

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reality which marks all Titian's portraits. Titian was the prince of colourists, and a master of realistic art, but he lacked the spirituality of Raphael, the strength of Michelangelo, and the subtlety of Leonardo. Though classed in the quartette of the world's greatest artists, he was not the equal of the other three, and those who admire him most greatly, admire him for his technical skill, — not for those qualities of mind and sense which must be added to produce the highest art.

In the Sciarra Palace may be found another picture that was until quite recently attributed to Titian, and which is still known as "La Bella di Tiziano," though it is now conceded to be the work of Titian's Venetian compatriot, Palma Vecchio. It is worth careful examination, both because of its intrinsic merit and because it is an echo of Titian's manner, illustrating a style of female portraiture in which he and his school took great delight.

We should like to follow the work of the other Venetian colourists who came after Titian, — namely, Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, as well as of Giorgione, who was contemporary with him, but there is nothing in Rome

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which worthily represents them. The Dream of St. Helena in the adjoining room — the fourth — of the picture-gallery will illustrate the manner of Paolo Veronese, and an idea of Tintoretto's strength may be gained from several canvases in the Palace of the Conservators, but none of them show these artists at their best. If we would rightly study the Venetians we must go to Venice.

Contemporary with these masters, but working independently at Ferrara, was Correggio. Here in the fourth room of the picture-gallery is his conception of Christ the Saviour seated in glory upon the clouds. It illustrates the leading characteristics of Correggio's painting. The colouring is superb, the figure full of grace and beauty, yet it is, perhaps, too consciously beautiful to give an impression of strength and majesty. Correggio seldom reached the greatness of a moral idea, in this respect being closely allied to Titian. Perhaps a better work of Correggio is the Danaë in the Borghese collection. You will recall the graceful, though not altogether beautiful, figure, and the famous Cupids sharpening their arrows.

We are now following art into another

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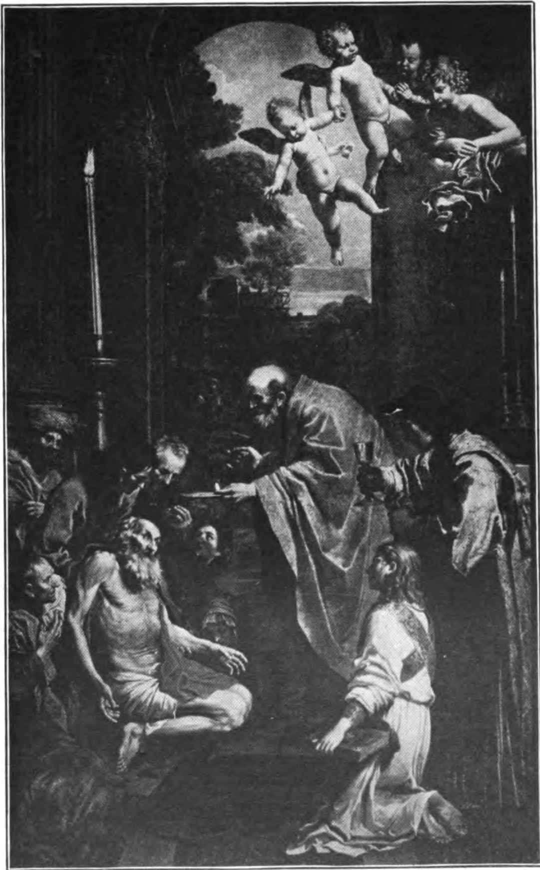

DOMENICHINO. — LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME

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period of decadence. A very few examples will suffice to show the character of the epoch. The decline of the Florentine School, which occurred after Leonardo and Michelangelo, is marked by two well-known names, Andrea del Sarto and Volterra. Del Sarto, like Correggio, portrayed grace and beauty, but showed little power. His work was done for the most part in Florence. The only picture in Rome that fitly represents him is his Magdalen in the Casino Borghese (Tenth room, Number 328). Volterra painted only one picture that is at all celebrated, namely, The Descent from the Cross, in Trinità de' Monti. Some would have us believe that this is a great picture, but the honest observer is seldom impressed by it. It is cold, formal, and constructed upon academic models.

Returning to the room in which we saw Raphael's Transfiguration, we may now look for a moment at Domenichino's Last Communion of St. Jerome. The picture has dramatic power, but, like all decadent art, strives to compensate for a loss of spiritual strength by a greater realism and a more careful technique. The Last Communion of St. Jerome

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is to Italian painting what the Laokoön is to Greek sculpture.

Another step downward is your Guido Reni. Let us go over to the Rospigliosi Palace and see his well-known ceiling-picture, the Aurora. It is his best work, and for Guido is very good indeed, — but Guido was not Raphael. The interest of the picture does not centre in Aurora, the leader of the group, but in the sun-god, Phœbus, who, surrounded by the Hours, is driving his steeds from the ocean up into the dome of heaven. The work is finely conceived, but contains in the attitudes and expressions of Aurora and the Hours a trace of artifice and a mannerism which make Guido's work easily recognizable and confine it within narrow bounds.

Then, there is Guido's "Beatrice." It is not Beatrice, — it is even doubtful whether it is Guido's, — but you remember looking at it when we were in the Barberini Palace. It is dull and muddy. If you speak your honest thoughts you will say you are disappointed in it. But if you are determined to have it impress you, you may look at it fixedly for a long time, until your head begins to swim,

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and you will then be able, perhaps, to recognize an uncanny look in the eyes indicative of suffering, remorse, fear, or anything else you choose. This picture, together with Guido's Aurora, Volterra's Descent from the Cross, and several other second-rate paintings, are placed by some would-be authority among the "Twelve Greatest Paintings in the World." I cannot understand why, — nor why indeed any one should be so foolhardy as to attempt to establish a list of twelve paintings which are to be regarded as better than all other paintings. This list has been widely advertised, but the most gratifying thing about it is that no one seems to pay much attention to it.

From the mannerism of Guido it is but a step to the sweet inanity of Sassoferrato and of Carlo Dolci, — Carlo the Sweet. Dolci is worthy of our attention only because he illustrates so well the degeneracy of his age. His much-copied Madonna, in the Farnesina, is no Madonna at all. It is a weak, pretty Italian girl, such a person as you would soon tire of, as you soon tire of seeing her picture upon your wall. The pretty infant in her arms is his mother's son, and will grow up to be very

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like her. Compare these faces with the deep, thoughtful faces of the Sistine Madonna and Child, and you will agree that Dolci's lacks entirely the strength and mysticism so essential to a just conception of the subject.

The sculpture of the period of which we have just been speaking is well illustrated by a statue which we saw in the Casino Borghese. It is the Apollo and Daphne, by Bernini, who was the leading sculptor of his time, and in it are the same characteristics that we find in the painting of Guido and of Carlo Dolci. There is a certain grace and beauty, but that lovers' chase with its fluttering draperies is as far removed from the grandeur of Michelangelo's figures as it is from the calm, sweet dignity of the Attic Greek.

This is the sort of art that was being practised in Italy during the seventeenth century. The art of the North, which was slower in ripening, was also slower to decay. It reached its summit nearly a century later than the art of Italy, and its great masters, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt, were all contemporary with Guido. Spain, too, produced her Velasquez, at about the same period, and France

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CANOVA. — TOMB OF "THE LAST OF THE STUARTS"

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began a school of her own with Poussin and Claude Lorraine as its masters. Then follows more than a century and a half of mediocrity, and, aside from the artistic beginnings in England with Hogarth's realistic *genre* and Reynolds's and Gainsborough's portraits, we find nothing worthy until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Among the papal tombs in St. Peter's we saw fairly representative work of the two sculptors who gave impetus to the modern Roman school, Canova and Thorwaldsen. Canova's Tomb of Clement the Thirteenth is poetic in conception, but is not as attractive on the whole as the sweetly simple Tomb of "the Last of the Stuarts," which Canova also executed. The latter is, in its way, a gem. It is satisfactory because the sculptor has kept within his range — a quite narrow range, be it said — and has not attempted the heroic as in his Perseus and his Boxers up there in the Vatican, which you may have seen in passing, but which it is not at all worth your while to examine.

Thorwaldsen, though a Dane by birth, was for so long a resident of Rome, and was associated so closely with the new art movement

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here, that we should make a mistake in passing him by. The Tomb of Pius the Seventh in St. Peter's is hardly a fair example of his best work, but it illustrates his tendency, — namely, a return to classical form, if not to classical spirit. These figures are well and purely modelled, but there is a sentimentality about them which shows their relationship to the work of Canova. Thorwaldsen did his most noble work in the Lion of Lucerne.

Since Canova nothing has been done in Italian art at all worthy of mention. Would you see what the artists of to-day are turning out? Step into a studio on the Via Margutta and you may find, among other things, a model of a statue, which the sculptor made recently for exhibition in the United States, — an ideal conception of America, represented by a nude figure at the telephone in the poetic act of saying "Hello, Central!" That is about the grade of work which we may look for in Italy to-day. Do you ask after modern Italian painting? The themes which now engross the painters are a *contadina* putting on her shoe, a coquette smelling a nosegay, a languishing cavalier strumming a mandolin. Cabbages and

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beer-mugs are portrayed with reasonable accuracy, but there is little meaning, or, if there *is* a meaning, it is a bad one. Here is your Spiridon with his Parisian La Follette. He is not content with the peasant life which his compatriots find in the Italian villages, but must draw his inspiration from the French demi-monde. Parisian influence is exercising a baneful influence upon modern Italian art, destroying what little originality remains to it and substituting French traditions and French models. Better the national flavour of Italy, even if it be confined to an insignificant style of genre painting, than an art which has neither naturalness nor innocence.

We may, if you wish, go through the National Gallery of Modern Art on the Via Nazionale, but why follow this sort of photographic painting in stuffy galleries when we can sit under a tree upon the Pincio in the glorious afternoon light of a Roman day and enjoy the same figures, with the added fascination of life and movement? What profit is there in an art in which the artist simply takes the place of the camera, with less of accuracy and no more of intelligence? These

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modern painters can draw and colour well, but there is no hope for Italian art, nor for any other sort of art, until an artist is born with a soul, — an artist who sees more than other men, and whose heart is close to the heart of the Infinite. We need not be discouraged. Nature does not produce a Pheidias nor a Michelangelo in every century. There must be periods of rest and preparation, but when the time is ripe there will come another great master and another golden age, — it may not be during our lives, nor perhaps during the lives of our children, but it will be in due season.

To the Pincio, then! Let us leave art and go back to nature, for to-night is our last evening in Rome, and we must enjoy it to the full. Sit with me in the shadow of this grand old ilex by the side of the marble fountain and see the crowd drift by. Rome and her visitors are all abroad. A group of peasants in picturesque attire are chattering gaily, and jostling each other as they stroll along. Two priests, with broad black hats, walk smilingly behind them. Then follow a party of English tourists with important aspect, ever present monocles,

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and suits of plaid. Next you see a soldier wearing the baggy trousers and metallic green-black plume that mark the warriors of modern Italy; then a company of German students, a flower-girl with her tray of fragrant blossoms, a highly starched nurse trying to restrain the too hilarious movements of her bright-eyed charge, a group of pilgrims, a beggar or two, a negro, and a Turk. All these, and more, pass in a panorama before your sight, while the music of a distant band floats up from the piazza, mingling with the murmur of the fountain and the hum of the passing crowd. Rome is still thoroughly cosmopolitan, — as much so as when she was mistress of the world.

The horizontal afternoon sunshine from over the Janiculum is getting into your eyes and blinding them a little. You think you see in this passing multitude an ancient Roman populace: The soldier expands into the burly form of a Roman legionary, the nurse is a Greek schoolmaster following a noisy group of Roman boys, the English tourists transform themselves into petty officials from the provinces. You now see such a crowd as used to

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throng the Roman thoroughfares nineteen centuries ago. A company of Scythian gladiators passes before you, an Egyptian merchant clothed in silken robes, a noble Roman matron in a litter carried by Gallic slaves, an Ethiopian, black as night and decked with barbaric jewelry, and — hark! Do you hear that blare of trumpets and shouting of the people? Here comes the emperor himself, in an ivory car borne on stalwart shoulders. Before him flutters a banner with the Roman insignia, crowned with the laurel wreath and garlanded with flowers; around him are the Pretorians; behind him and beside him press a throng of courtiers eager to get a word from his lips or a glance from his eye. . . . He passes, and the crowd goes with him.

Look out over the city at your feet. The Western sky is aflame, a bank of violet clouds hangs over the Janiculum, and the outlines of palaces and villas are wrapped in a quivering nebula of splendour. The roofs below us are of burnished gold, the domes of sapphire, the Tiber is a thread of silver. At this hour is the apotheosis of Rome. She arises, and, decked in her jewels, claims the homage of

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mankind. But such glory cannot endure long. While we gaze and marvel, the glow fades from the sky, the darkness closes around us, and, with a sigh which is not all sadness, but is sweet with memories, we say Farewell.

THE END.

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THE BISHOPS AND POPES OF ROME

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER WITH DATE OF ELECTION

41 Peter. (?)
67 Linus.
68 Clement.
78 Anacletus.
100 Evarestus.
109 Alexander I.
119 Sixtus I.
129 Telesphorus.
139 Hyginus.
143 Pius I.
157 Amicetus.
168 Soter.
177 Eleutherius.
193 Victor I.
202 Zephyrinus.
219 Calixtus I.
223 Urban I.
230 Pontianus.
235 Anteros.
236 Fabian.
251 Cornelius.
252 Lucius I.
253 Stephen I.
257 Sixtus II.
259 Dionysius.
269 Felix I.
275 Eutychianus.
283 Gaius.
296 Marcellinus.
307 Marcellus I.
309 Eusebius.
311 Miltiades.
314 Sylvester I.
336 Mark I.
337 Julius I.
352 Liberius.
366 Damasus I.
384 Siricius.
398 Anastasius I.
402 Innocent I.
417 Zosimus.
418 Boniface I.
422 Celestine I.
432 Sixtus III.
440 Leo I. (The Great).
461 Hilary.
468 Simplicius.
483 Felix II.
492 Gelasius.
496 Anastasius II.

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498 Symmachus.
514 Hormisdas.
523 John I.
526 Felix IV.
530 Boniface II.
532 John II.
535 Agapetus I.
536 Silverius.
537 Vigilius.
555 Pelagius I.
560 John III.
574 Benedict I.
578 Pelagius II.
590 Gregory I (the Great).
604 Sabinianus.
607 Boniface III.
608 Boniface IV.
615 Deusdedit.
619 Boniface V.
625 Honorius I.
638 Severinus.
640 John IV.
642 Theodore I.
649 Martin I.
654 Eugenius I.
657 Vitalian.
672 Adeodatus.
676 Donus I.
678 Agatho.
682 Leo II.
684 Benedict II.
685 John V.
686 Conon.
687 Sergius I.
701 John VI.
705 John VII.
708 Sisinius.
708 Constantine I.
715 Gregory II.
731 Gregory III.
741 Zacharias.
752 Stephen II.
752 Stephen III.
757 Paul I.
768 Stephen IV.
772 Adrian I.
795 Leo III.
816 Stephen V.
817 Paschal I.
824 Eugenius II.
827 Valentine.
827 Gregory IV.
844 Sergius II.
847 Leo IV.
855 Benedict III.
858 Nicholas I. (the Great).
867 Adrian II.
872 John VIII.
882 Martin II.
884 Adrian III.
885 Stephen VI.
891 Formosus.
896 Boniface VI.
896 Stephen VII.
897 Romanus.
897 Theodore II.
898 John IX.
900 Benedict IV.
903 Leo V.
903 Christopher.
904 Sergius III.
911 Anastasius.
913 Lando.
914 John X.
928 Leo VI.
929 Stephen VIII.
931 John XI.
936 Leo VII.
939 Stephen IX.
941 Martin III.
946 Agapetus II.
955 John XII.
963 Leo VIII.
965 John XIII.

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973 Benedict VI.
974 Benedict VII.
983 John XIV.
984 Boniface VII. (Francone).
985 John XV.
996 Gregory V. (Bruno).
999 Sylvester II. (Gerbert).
1003 John XVI. (Sico).
1003 John XVII. (Fasanus).
1009 Sergius IV. (Buccaporca).
1012 Benedict VIII. (Theophylact).
1024 John XVIII.
1033 Benedict IX.
1045 Gregory VI.
1046 Clement II. (Suidger).
1048 Damasus II. (Boppa).
1049 Leo IX. (Brunon).
1055 Victor II. (Gebhard).
1057 Stephen X.
1059 Nicholas II. (Gerard).
1061 Alexander II. (de Bagio).
1073 Gregory VII. (Hildebrand).
1086 Victor III. (Epifani).
1088 Urban II.
1099 Paschal II. (Renieri).
1118 Gelasius (Caetani).
1119 Calixtus II. (Guy).
1124 Honorius II. (de Fagnano).
1130 Innocent II. (Papareschi).
1143 Celestin II. (Guido di Castello).
1144 Lucius II. (Cacciananici).
1145 Eugenius III. (Paganelli).
1153 Anastasius IV.
1154 Adrian IV. (Brakespeare).
1159 Alexander III. (Bandinelli).
1181 Lucius III. (Ubaldo).
1185 Urban III. (Crivelli).
1187 Gregory VIII. (di Morra).
1187 Clement III. (Scolari)
1191 Celestin III. (Buboni).
1198 Innocent III. (Conti).
1216 Honorius III. (Savelli).
1227 Gregory IX. (Conti).
1241 Celestin IV. (Castiglioni).
1243 Innocent IV. (Fieschi).
1254 Alexander IV. (Conti).
1261 Urban IV. (Langlois).
1265 Clement IV. (Foucauld).
1271 Gregory X. (Visconti).
1276 Innocent V. (de Campagny).
1276 Adrian V. (Fieschi).
1276 John XXI. (Giuliano).
1277 Nicholas III. (Orsini).
1281 Martin IV. (de Brion).
1285 Honorius IV. (Savelli).
1288 Nicholas IV. (Masci).
1294 Celestin V. (Pietro da Morrone).
1294 Boniface VIII. (Caetani).
1303 Benedict XI. (Boccasini).
1305 Clement V. (de Got).
1316 John XXII. (Jacques d'Euse).
1334 Benedict XII. (Jacques Fournier).
1342 Clement VI. (Roger de Beaufort).
1352 Innocent VI. (Etienne d'Albert).
1362 Urban V. (Guillaume de Grimoard).

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1370 Gregory XI. (Roger de Beaufort).
1378 Urban VI. (Prignano).
1389 Boniface IX. (Pietro Tomacelli).
1404 Innocent VII. (Migliorati).
1406 Gregory XII. (Angelo Correr).
1409 Alexander V. (Petrus Phylargius).
1410 John XXIII. (Baldassare Cossa).
1417 Martin V. (Oddone Colonna).
1431 Eugene IV. (Condolmiere).
1447 Nicholas V. (Parentucelli).
1455 Calixtus III. (Borgia).
1458 Pius II. (Piccolomini).
1464 Paul II. (Barbo).
1471 Sixtus IV. (della Rovere).
1484 Innocent VIII. (Cibo).
1492 Alexander VI. (Borgia).
1503 Pius III. (Piccolomini).
1503 Julius II. (della Rovere).
1513 Leo X. (de' Medici).
1522 Adrian VI. (Boyers).
1523 Clement VII. (de'Medici).
1534 Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese).
1550 Julius III. (del Monte).
1555 Marcellus II. (Cervini).
1555 Paul IV. (Carafa).
1559 Pius IV. (de' Medici).
1566 Pius V. (Ghislieri).
1572 Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagni).
1585 Sixtus V. (Peretti).
1590 Urban VII. (Castagno).
1590 Gregory XIV. (Sfrondati).
1591 Innocent IX. (Facchinetti).
1592 Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini).
1604 Leo XI. (de' Medici).
1604 Paul V. (Borghese).
1621 Gregory XV. (Ludovisi).
1623 Urban VIII. (Barberini).
1644 Innocent X. (Pamfili).
1655 Alexander VII. (Chigi).
1667 Clement IX. (Rospigliosi).
1670 Clement X. (Altieri).
1676 Innocent XI. (Odescalchi).
1689 Alexander VIII. (Ottobuoni).
1691 Innocent XII. (Pignatelli).
1700 Clement XI. (Albani).
1721 Innocent XIII. (Conti).
1724 Benedict XIII. (Orsini).
1730 Clement XII. (Corsini).
1740 Benedict XIV. (Lambertini).
1758 Clement XIII. (Rezzonico).
1769 Clement XIV. (Ganganelli).
1775 Pius VI. (Braschi).
1800 Pius VII. (Chiaramonti).
1823 Leo XII. (della Genga).
1829 Pius VIII. (Castiglioni).
1831 Gregory XVI. (Cappellari).
1846 Pius IX. (Mastai-Feretti).
1878 Leo XIII. (Pecci).
1903 Pius X. (Sarto).

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